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The Outlook.

Goldwin Smith, who holds the opinion that Americans naturally hate Englishmen, has apparently adopted the New Testament method of punishing us for our enmity, namely, by doing us good. On his recent return to England the rumor went abroad that he had left these shores never to return to them; and those who knew the peculiar horror he has of a sea-voyage, which, in fact, is a prolonged misery to him, thought it not unlikely that having once more reached his native land, he would not again allow himself to be separated from it by the barrier of three thousand miles of unappeasable brine. Private letters, however, have just been received from him, announcing his purpose to be in America again very soon, and to give his lectures on history at Cornell University as usual. All this service he renders absolutely without pay; and thus it is that he treats the people who, as he supposes, unanimously hate him for the crime of being an Englishman. We are doubly glad that he is coming back. He comes to correct our ignorance upon English history. We trust that we may be so happy as to correct his ignorance upon American sentiments.

Whatever may be said for or against that recently imported luxury, the Turkish bath, it is impossible to say of it that it has not the approbation of the medical profession. Although its introduction into Western Europe and America is a fact scarcely twenty years old, it has already received the written and emphatic sanction of the most eminent physicians; notably in this city of such men as Emmet, Mott, James R. Wood, Ogden Doremus, the two Flints, Agnew, Hammond, Sayre and Marion Simms. Speaking of an experience and observation of its use for the past dozen years, we are inclined to regard its establishment in Christendom as a boon to humanity not unworthy of comparison with the discovery of anæsthetics and the use of vaccination. It is a quick strong conqueror over some of the most malignant diseases and some of the most obstinate pains that mortal flesh can inherit or earn; while as a soothing and invigorating pleasure, it is so great that he who has not enjoyed it has missed one of the greatest of physical luxuries. Moreover, adapting the sonorous and rather theatric sentence of Edwin Forrest, we may add our testimony that "the man who has not taken a Turkish bath has never risen to the moral dignity of being personally clean." But it is now a matter of public interest to chronicle that this beneficent innovation has recently superadded to itself a new value and attractiveness by leading to the revival of an old art. Every classical student who has taken a Turkish bath must have been reminded in each stage of the process of the descriptions he had read of the hot-air bath of the ancient Romans, excepting that as hitherto administered our modern bath did not have as its last act that service of anointing of the entire body which constituted so important a feature in the ancient one. This omission has now been successfully supplied by a New York physician, Dr. Angell, who after a chemical analysis of the bathing oil found at Pompeii, has discovered the probable secret of its composition, and at his establishment in Lexington Avenue is able to administer a bath precisely like that of the Romans. This lost unguent of the Roman Thermæ which has been at last found in New York is an inodorous, nearly colorless, substance, and its application has been approved by medical men as calculated to enhance the curative efficacy of the bath, especially in cases of gout, neuralgia and rheumatism; while those who have tried it, though having none of these infirmities, find it to be an extremely pleasant and stimulating appendix to the ordinary Turkish bath. The theory of its use is that it supplies the place of the natural oiliness of the skin removed by the dry heat of the bath, just as in hot countries the natives instinctively avert the effects of climatic heat by the use of olive oil and other unguents. Dr. Angell has given to his emollient the name of "Romaleon." As has been said by one of our contemporaries, New York can fairly claim the honor of being the first city to furnish in all its most minute appointments the favorite bath of the Romans since the distant century when the baths of Caracalla and Diocletian crumbled into ruin.

Edward Everett Hale gives us all some of the fruits of his raid into Europe last year in a little volume of four sermons, which he preached to his congregation in Boston and which Roberts Brothers have just published "at the request of some who heard them." Their freshness, life, and novelty of view will be likely to suggest to many congregations the expedient of sending their jaded pastors to Europe next summer to see if they can pick up as many new ideas with which to quicken their preaching on getting back. One of Mr. Hale's sermons is on "The Vienna Exhibition"—a rather secular topic for the pulpit, it may be said; and yet Mr. Hale finds it a mount of vision from which to give us some catholic and telescopic glimpses at Christendom. In another sermon he deals most suggestively with "Pilgrimages;" in a third he speaks of "Open Air and the Aryan Virtues;" while in a fourth he discourses upon some interesting and instructive aspects of "Worship in Europe."

We owe it to the courtesy of the proper authorities that we have the advantage of seeing the proof-sheets of the first Year-Book issued by the Boston University. In the absence of a historic record to which to refer inquirers, President Warren has put into strong and clear language some of the "controling ideas" which are now shaping the organization and development of this very hopeful institution. The first idea is "that a University ought neither to generalize education merely, nor to specialize it merely, but do both at one and the same time." The second idea is "that comparatively independent professional and technical schools will accomplish far better results than the same professional and technical instruction imparted in a single school." The third idea is "that instruction in pure science can be organized more economically, and kept more vital and stimulating, in connection with schools of applied science, *i. e.*, in connection with professional and technical schools, than apart from them." In one particular, Boston University takes a step boldly in advance of any of the American Universities which have recently resolved to admit women as students: it admits women also as professors. It calls all colleges which are for one sex only "class colleges," thus putting them into the same category with schools for the feeble-minded, for deaf mutes and for criminals. It must have been with a sort of grim smile that President Warren wrote the following admirable retort upon those who stigmatize colleges like his as "mixed" ones. "If any class of philanthropists feel called upon to organize special schools for girls or boys constitutionally too delicate to bear the nervous shock of school association with the other sex, let no one oppose. Such institutions may serve to illustrate the tender and gentle charities to which our Christian civilization gives origin. But a University exists for altogether different purposes. It is not instituted for the benefit of a class. It is the highest organ of human society for the conservation, furtherance, and communication of knowledge; for the induction of successive generations into its possession; for the service of mankind in all highest social offices. To artificially restrict the benefits of such an institution to one half of the community, by a discrimination based solely upon a birth distinction, is worse than un-American. It is an injury to society as a whole, a loss to the favored class, a wrong to the unfavored. Boston University, therefore, welcomes to all its advantages young women and young men on precisely the same conditions. It welcomes woman not merely to the bench of the pupil, but also to the chair of the Professor. It is the first institution in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to admit the two sexes to common advantages in classical collegiate studies; the first in the world to open the entire circle of post-graduate professional schools to men and women alike." It is to Boston that we are indebted for Dr. Clarke's book on *Sex in Education*, and it is to Boston that we are indebted for the most tremendous practical counterblast to its doctrines.

MY BROKEN-WINGED BIRD.

BY H. H.

FOR days I have been cherishing
A little bird with broken wing.
I love it in my heart of hearts;
To win its love I try all arts;
I call it by each sweet pet name
That I can think, its fear to tame.
My room is still and bright and warm;
The little thing is safe from harm.
If I had left it where it lay
Fluttering in the wintry day,
No mate remaining by its side,
Before nightfall it must have died.
It sips the drink, it eats the food;
Plenty of both, all sweet and good.
But all the while my hand it flies,
Looks up at me with piteous eyes;
From morn till night, restless and swift,
Runs to and fro, and tries to lift
Itself upon its broken wing,
And through the window-pane to spring.

Poor little bird! Myself I see
From morn till night in watching thee.
A Power I cannot understand
Is sheltering me with loving hand;
It calls me by the dearest name,
My love to win, my fear to tame;
Each day my daily food provides,
And night and day from danger hides
Me safe: the food, the warmth, I take,
Yet all the while ungrateful make
Restless and piteous complaints,
And strive to break the kind restraints.

Dear little bird, 'twill not be long;
Each day thy wing is growing strong;
When it is healed, and thou canst fly,
My windows will be opened high;
And I shall watch with loving eyes
To see thee soar in sunny skies.
I, too, some day, on healèd wing
Set free, shall soar aloft and sing,
And in my joy no memory find
Of prison walls I left behind.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

THE religious paper is no longer largely made up of sermons or devotional *morceaux*. Nor is it the journal of the doings and designs of the clergy. The editor has found out, doctor though he be, that there are more laymen than ministers in the church. He has found out, moreover, that even good men will talk of crops and business on the holy Sabbath; and on that same blessed day good women *will* gossip—in a good way, of course. Until human nature is made over on some plan not yet discovered, twelve or sixteen hours devotion "straight," once a week, is too much of a good thing; indeed for the average man it is impossible. Hence the religious journal gives news, sermons, religious and ecclesiastical articles, a story or two, and a vast amount of fresh and stimulating thought; good, all of it, whether read on Sunday or on Monday, and all of it (it is to be hoped) informed with the spirit of righteousness and love. Thus the paper becomes a joy in every family it visits, a civilizer, and a gospel preacher of the most effective kind.

Such a transition seems to me to be working in the matter of the Sunday-school library. Once, a "five dollar library" of good boys and faultless girls with no "cussedness" in their dispositions nor iron in their blood was quite a sufficient equipment in the way of books for the average village or country Sunday-school. These good little folks died young, and so did the books that told of them. Larger schools had "ten dollar libraries," twice as large as the others, and consequently twice as pious. Many of those books were good; most of them *too* good. A few of them had information in them. But then it was all such proper and old information that a child could hardly help having a headache by the time he had got through a dozen pages of it.

To be honest, and give all their due, I think the Universalists and Unitarians gave us an idea in the matter of Sunday-school libraries. For, not having many doctrines to stand up for, they had time to reflect that here were the children just at the age when they take information the easiest. So said they, Why not put in books that will really teach the children something, and at the same time amuse and interest them? They are the people, I think, who first drew their libraries out of the general book-stores; and thus at once they gave them a breadth and freedom awful for orthodox eyes to contemplate. Then, of course, the orthodox were obliged to strain a point in the large cities and collect attractive books for *their* children. And so by degrees it has come to the present, when libraries of a thousand volumes each, costing fully a thousand dollars, are not so very rare. Six hundred dollar libraries are common, while a hundred dollar library is a very

small one anywhere. Nevertheless, there are yet a good many people who have not participated in this advance of liberality, or *looseness* as they call it. They have a neat syllogism:

1. The mind must be occupied exclusively with religion on Sunday.
2. Children read Sunday-school books on Sunday.
3. Therefore, Sunday-school books *must* be religious.

This, to be sure, is sound reasoning. The fault is in the major premise. The mind *cannot* be occupied *exclusively* with religion all day Sunday. This is a self-evident truth. There is not a single person, probably, among all the hundreds of thousands of readers of this or any other religious paper, who occupies his mind with religion the whole of Sunday. He thinks what he will do to-morrow, or next week—what he did yesterday. He reads the news, and talks with a friend who drops in for a little while.

Now, the children are much worse off than we are for something to do Sunday. They have not learned to train their thoughts at will, even to the limited extent the old folks have. It is misery for a child to keep still. The only chance to get him over Sunday with any good is to vary his employments. If he goes to Sunday-school and learns something there, he must have a change when he gets home. Give him an interesting book—interesting to *him*, I mean. The child is not over-anxious to learn about heaven. In the course of nature he expects to stay in this world for many a year yet, and he is full of curiosity to find out what sort of a place it is. Give him a "Rollo Book," or Kingston's "Voyage in the Eastern Seas," or "Boys' Book about Metals," or "Left on Labrador," or "The Royal Road to Fortune," or "Tom Brown at Rugby," and he is located for an hour or two anyway. And in my judgment much better off than if dozing over some "Sunday book" that bores the poor fellow almost to death. Besides, there are seven days in the week, and the Sunday-school book is the main dependence for the average youngster's reading matter.

The true theory of the Sunday-school library I believe to be this: The library is not to be regarded as a part of the characteristically religious "means of grace" of the school. But it is the concrete opinion of the Church and society as to what reading matter the children and young people ought to have. The school contains many a bright child who cannot buy an average of a single new book per year, and when they do get one the chances are that it is of very little account. For these the Sunday-school library becomes a fatherly book-case, and puts them at once in this respect on a level superior even to the child of rich parents who is not a member of the school.

Of what, then, should such a library consist? I answer, of every book that an intelligent and religious father would buy for his own children. Do not be misled by a name. If the Sunday-school is conducted in a Christ-like spirit, you are losing no advantage when the youngster takes home a volume of Abbott's Histories, or "The Wonders of Glass-Making," or "Queer Little Folks," or "Little Men," instead of "The Young Christian Instructed," or Mrs. Goody's "Moral Essays." For if you don't know it already it is time you did: the average child will read very little of the kind of books last mentioned. And what he does read he will soon forget. Even fairy stories are in place in such a collection.

Fiction, of course, is a large part of any library. Nor is this wrong, provided the fiction be true to life and written in a spirit of helpfulness and love. Still, I confess I see no necessity of confining ourselves to the staple Sunday-school article. I would put in "Ivanhoe," "John Halifax," "Adam Bede," Miss Warner's stories, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of course, and many a sample of the books that always teach a new and fresh lesson.

Most of the libraries that I have examined are very deficient in books of positive information. A child loves to travel, and any child may travel in his imagination through every foreign country, if you give him the right books. I see that the booksellers' clerks who select libraries commonly put in the Scribner's "Wonder Library," and so far they do well. These books, to be sure, are of unequal value. Their "Egypt 3,300 Years Ago," contains far less for a child or grown-up person than W. H. Davenport Adams' *The Land of the Nile* (Nelson & Co.). This latter is a fine example of the kind of book we want about every foreign land; books copiously illustrated, for anyone learns more from a picture than from a page of description.

Most library committees are too bashful about duplicating copies of a popular book. If there are two hundred children taking books most of them will want to read such very popular ones as *Little Men; or, Work;* but to do so will take from two to four years if there be but a single copy in the library. Consider further that a good book of the kind I have mentioned exerts a positive force in moulding character, five times more than your water-color stories without any flesh-tints in them. A few weeks ago I put a copy of *The Boy's Book about Metals* in the library, and the first Saturday (we do not give out books on Sunday, the school is so large it became impossible) the book went out. The next Saturday it came back with two boys; one of them returned it, the other took it. And so it has gone on. Last Saturday a bright boy said he would be willing to come in the morning and wait all day in the library if he could be sure of getting that book. Now there are three hundred books in that library (out of 1,200) that I would about as soon read as that one. Another bit of experience: A little bright-eyed girl was looking over twenty or thirty books, on the title-pages of which you might read *Presbyterian Board of Publication, Carlton and Porter, American S. S. Union, London Society for Disseminating Religious Knowledge*, etc.; but nothing seemed to suit her. I asked her, What are you looking for? "These are all stories," she said. "I am tired of stories; I want a history; I think history is *splendid!*" Fortunately we had some of that sort, and she was straightway provided.

One of the most useful appendages of every library is a well-printed *classified* catalogue. Not a mere alphabetical list of titles. Such departments as "History," "Foreign Lands and their People and Customs" (including books of travel as well as compilations), "Biography," "Essays," "Fiction," "Poetry," "Popular Science," are in order, and are a great help to the reader who desires some particular kind of a book. It seems unnecessary to caution the librarian that he will need a manuscript catalogue for his own use in which the numbers are given consecutively, and the titles after each number. This enables him to avoid having two or more books of the same number—a common fault of badly kept libraries. Besides, the way of charging books is important. Each book should be charged to the scholar taking it, and in another place the scholar should be charged to the book. The system by which the Portland (Me.) public library is kept (I believe) will do this easily. The book accounts run, *e. g.*:

		No. of Weeks.				
No.	Title.	1	2	3	4	5
500	Oldtown Folks.	61	63		63	
501	Baxter's Saint's Rest.	62	61			

The same transactions also appear in this way:

		Weeks.				
No.	Scholars.	1	2	3	4	5
61	Jane Smith.	500	501			
62	Robert Jones.	501	500			
63	Anne Robinson.				500	

This system, which requires a library card for the scholar to keep, affords a complete history of every transaction by entering three numbers—the book number on the card and on the *scholar account*, and the scholar-number on the *book account*. The book account shows all the transactions of every book for a year, for these accounts contain fifty-two columns on a folio, and so last a whole year.

I hope I may be pardoned for going into particulars so, but I am sure many books are lost to the libraries for want of this "double-entry," which is a continual check on itself.

GOING UP TO JERUSALEM.

A STUDY FOR LENT.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

NOTHING in ancient or modern tragedy is so sublime and touching as the simple account given by the evangelists of the last week of our Lord's earthly life.

The church has since his ascension so devoutly looked upon him as God that we are in danger of losing the pathos and the power which comes from a consideration of his humanity. The apostle tells us, that in order that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest, he was made in *all respects* like unto his brethren. He was a Jew. His national and patriotic feeling was intense. To him the sacred nation, the temple service, with all its hymns and prayers and ancient poetic recollections, was more dear than to any other man of his nation. The nation was *his own*, his peculiar, chosen people; he was their head and flower, for whom the whole gorgeous ritual had been appointed, for whom the nation had been for centuries waiting. Apart from his general tenderness and love for humanity was this special love of country and countrymen. Then, there was the love of his *very* own,—the little church of tried, true, tested friends, who had devoted themselves to him; and, still within that, his family circle, for whom his love was strong as a father's, tender and thoughtful as a mother's. And yet Jesus went through life bearing in his bosom the bitter thought—that his nation would reject him, instigate one of his own family to betray him, and that all seeming success and glory was to end in a cruel and shameful death. He foresaw how every heart that loved him would be overwhelmed and crushed with a misery beyond all human precedent.

It is affecting to read in the evangelists how often and how earnestly Jesus tried to make his disciples realize what was coming. "Let this saying sink down into your ears," he would say, "The son of man shall be delivered into the hands of men;" and then would recount, item by item, the overthrow, the agonies, the insults, the torture, that were to be the end of his loving and gentle mission. At various times, and in various forms, he took them aside and repeated this prophecy. And it is said that they "understood not his word;" that "they were astonished;" that they "feared to ask him;" that they "questioned one with another what this should mean." It seems probable that warmed with the flush of present and increasing prosperity and popularity, witnessing his victorious miracles, they had thrown this dark prophecy by, as something inexplicable, and never literally to be accomplished. *What* it could mean they knew not, but that it *could* have a *literal* accomplishment they seem none of them to have dreamed. Perhaps they were like many of us in our religion, in the habit of looking only on the bright, hopeful, and easily comprehensible side of things, and letting all that is dark and mysterious slide from the mind.

Up to the very week before his crucifixion the power and popularity of Jesus seemed constantly increasing. His miracles were more open, more impressive, more effective. The raising of Lazarus from the dead had set the final crown on the glorious work. It would appear that Lazarus was a member of a well known, influential family, moving in the higher circles of Jerusalem. It was a miracle wrought in the very heart and center of knowledge and influence, and it raised the fame of the new prophet to the summit of glory. It is an affecting comment on the worth of popular favor that the very flood tide of the fame and glory of Jesus was just five days before he was crucified. On *Monday*—the day now celebrated in the Christian Church as Palm Sunday—he entered Jerusalem in triumph, with palms waving, and garlands thrown at his feet, and the multitudes going before and after, shouting Hosannah to the Son of David; and on *Friday* of the same week the whole multitude shouted, "Away with him! Crucify him! Release unto us Barabbas! His blood be upon us and upon our children," and he was led through those same streets to Calvary. On these six days before the death of Jesus the historians have expended a wealth of detail, so that the record of what is said and done is more than that of all the other portions of that short life.

There are many touches of singular tenderness conveyed in very brief words. "When the time came that he should be received up, he set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem," says one. Another narrates that when he was going up to Jerusalem he *walked before* his disciples, and as they followed him they were afraid. Evidently he was wrapped in an electric cloud of emotion, he was swept along by a mighty influence—tides of feeling deeper than they could comprehend were rolling in his soul, and there was that atmosphere of silence and mystery about him by which the inward power of great souls cast an outward sphere of awe around them. Still, as they walked behind, they had their political dreams of a coming reign of power and splendor, when the Judean nation should rule the world, and they, as nearest to the Master, should administer the government of the nation—for it is said, by the way they "disputed who should be the greatest."

He hears their talk, as a dying mother who knows that a few hours will leave her children orphans listens to the contentions of the nursery. He turns to them and makes a last effort to enlighten them—to let them know that not earthly glory and a kingdom are before them, but cruelty, rejection, shame and death. He recounts the future, circumstantially, and with what deep energy and solemn pathos of voice and manner may be imagined. They make no answer, but shrink back, look one on another, and are afraid to ask more. It would seem, however, that there was *one* in the band on whom these words made an impression. Judas evidently thought, if this was to be the end of all he had been taken in, and deceived: a sullen feeling of irritation arises against One who having such evident and splendid miraculous power is about to give up in this way and lose his opportunity and suffer himself to be defeated. Judas is all ready now to make the best terms for himself with the winning party.

The others follow in fear and trembling. The strife who shall be greatest subsides into a sort of anxious questioning. They arrive at a friendly house where they are to spend the Sabbath, the last Sabbath of his earthly life. There was a feast made for him and we see him surrounded by grateful friends. By the fact that Martha waited on the guests, and that Lazarus sat at the table, it would appear that this feast was in the house of a relative of that family. It is said to have occurred in the house of "Simon the Leper." Perhaps the leper to whom Jesus said, "I will—be thou clean." Here Mary, with the abandon which marks her sensitive and poetic nature, breaks a costly vase of balm and sheds the perfume on the head of her Lord. It was an action in which she offered up her whole self her heart and her life to be spent for him, like that fleeting perfume. Judas expostulates, "To what purpose is this waste?" There is an answering flash from Jesus, like lightning from a summer cloud. The value that our Lord set upon *love* is nowhere more energetically expressed. This trembling, sensitive, poetic nature has offered itself up wholly to him and he accepts and defends it. There is a touch of human pathos in the words, "She is anointing me for my burial." Her gift had all the sacredness in his eyes of a death-bed act of tenderness, and he declares, "Wheresoever through the world this gospel shall be preached, there also shall what this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her."

Judas slinks back, sullen and silent. The gulf between him and his Master grows hourly more palpable—as the nature that cannot love and the nature to whom love is all come in close collision. Judas and Christ cannot blend any more than oil and water, and the nearer approach only makes the conflict of nature more evident.

On Monday morning, the day that we now celebrate as Palm Sunday, Jesus enters Jerusalem. We are told that the great city, now full of Jews come up from all

parts of the world, was moved about him. We have in the book of Acts an enumeration of the varieties in the throng that filled Jerusalem at this time: "Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia and in Judea and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and Proselytes, Cretes and Arabians." When all these strangers heard the shouting, it is said the whole city was moved, and they said, "Who is this?" And they said, "Jesus the Prophet of Nazareth in Gallilee."

And what was He thinking of as he came thus for the last time to the chosen city? We are told: "And when he drew near and beheld the city he wept over it, saying, 'If thou hadst known, even thou in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.'" Then follows the prophetic vision of the destruction of Jerusalem—scenes of horror and despair for which his gentle spirit bled inwardly. One feature in the picture is touching: the *children* in the temple crying, "Hosannah to the Son of David!" The love of Jesus for children is something marked and touching. When he rested from his labors at eventide, it was often, we are told, with a little child in his arms—children were his favorite image for the heavenly life, and he had bid the mothers to bring them to him as emblems of the better world. The children were enthusiastic for him, they broke forth into rapture at his coming as birds in the sunshine, loud and noisily, as children will, to the great discomfiture of priests and scribes. "Master! bid them hush," they said. He turned, indignant—"If *these should* hold their peace the very stones would cry out." This love of these dear little children was the last flower thrown at the feet of Jesus on his way to death. From this day the way to the cross was darker every hour.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

IF it is true, as recently stated on good authority, that *ten-elevenths* of the criminals in this country are illiterates, is it not time that the question of compulsory education should be agitated?

Ask yourself this simple question: "What would my character now be if I had never learned to read? What would it be if I had been deprived of the counsels, the ideals, the aspirations and hopes that have dropped into my mind from the books and papers and Bible I have read? What would my character be if, besides lacking these, I had been born and reared among the ignorant and vicious?" Is not education one of man's rights? Is not good government bound to protect him in this right as much as it is in any other?

In the three States, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois *one-tenth* of the illiterates are paupers, while only *one three-hundreth* of those who can read and write are so. Can such facts as this, and that stated above, mean otherwise than that education is one of the essential conditions to both morality and thrift? Morality and thrift never grow in any soil but that of education. They are never possessed by man or woman whose mind has not been led out, by some means or other, from the feebleness of its childhood. There can be neither virtue nor economy without thought; and there can be no thought without something to feed it and exercise it.

Throw aside every philanthropic consideration and still may you not reasonably demand that, if your property is taxed to educate the children of him who has no property, his children shall actually receive the education, and enough of it to give them a fair chance of being citizens whom you shall not again be taxed to support and from whose crimes you shall not be endangered? A. G. B.

THE RISE AND THE FALL OF MAN.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

SINCE I have been writing these papers a book has been sent me which discusses the story of Adam and Eve from an entirely novel point of sight. It is called *The Rise and the Fall; or, the Origin of Moral Evil.* Its explanation is one that I should never have thought of, yet, once presented, it is a theory of which one does not easily become disembarrassed. The book is written in a reverent and rational spirit. It professes as close an adherence to the text of Scripture as to the rules of right reasoning; and the magnitude of the problem to be solved, the unsatisfactoriness of all attempts hitherto at its solution, and the earnestness and intelligence which this writer brings to the discussion, certainly merit for it a fair hearing, and not a summary dismission.

His theory is that the tree of the knowledge of good and evil was the tree of the knowledge of right and wrong; that Adam and Eve were not originally created with that knowledge. Their mental perceptions, their physical powers were in full play, but the moral faculty was in abeyance—corresponding to its later appearance in every subsequent individual of the human race. The probability is that they were intended to be endowed at some future time and after whatever necessary training, under whatever favorable circumstances, with this moral faculty; but at the time of their creation they were not so endowed. By their disobedience, which could not be guilty, they not being moral creatures, but which was rash and imprudent, they became prematurely possessed of the moral faculty which, in its and their weakness, became often and speedily prostituted to immorality. Nevertheless, the possession of the moral faculty was in itself a rise and not a fall. To come into such an estate, even presumptuously and forbidden, was to rise into a higher order of being. The Fall was after this Rise, when this new moral faculty chose tergiversation rather than frankness, and falsehood rather than truth.

This is but a hint of the gist of a theory which is weak, perhaps, and far-fetched on the face of it, and yet, in body and soul, is not without strength. And as the answer to the great problem is an unknown quantity, and must be represented by some x, y, or z in order to be worked out, the necessarily hypothetic theory which harmonizes the greatest number of facts must, it would appear, be the best one to begin on. This may not be such an one, but we have ciphered patiently, or impatiently, on the old hypotheses with distinguished lack of success, and it can surely do no harm to take a fresh start on fresh ground. This theory may develop difficulties of its own, but many of those which perplex the old dispensation disappear under its light. Especially falls to the ground that monstrous assumption that all mankind, descending from Adam by ordinary generation, sinned in him, and fell with him in his first transgression; that all mankind, by the fall of one man, for whom they were in no wise responsible and from whom they involuntarily descended, lost communion with God, and are under his wrath and curse. The law of the transmission of traits, faculties, qualities is indisputable, though little understood. Adam having by his own act become a moral being, all his descendants became perforce moral beings. But by that act he did not sin. When he performed the act he was not a moral being. His first act after that change may or may not have been sinful, but the act itself was not sinful. And each child born is born sinless—sinless, but with tendencies to sin or to purity according as its ancestors have kept themselves pure or have lapsed into sin; have consecrated him to God or left him to be the prey of the serpent. We all recognize the fact that virtue produces virtue and vice has a tendency to spring from vice. This theory shows it reasonable that moral strength should be, as our experience finds it, cumulative, and gives us encouragement to work for the exaltation of the race. By this theory we are not dismayed to find ourselves at the outstart with a perfect and a perfectly equipped man tripping at the first step into the gulf of wreck and ruin. We find ourselves, on the contrary, entering the lists with a progenitor far less perfectly equipped than we, and whose mistake and whose subsequent sins, even if sins there were, were in a certain sense entirely natural. We see why the Lord God should pronounce a curse on the serpent who had intermeddled so disastrously, who had tempted the innocent, ignorant man to thrust himself into a sphere for which he was unfit, and which could not fail to bring him dismay and woe, instead of waiting the slow, sweet processes, the pleasant paths by which the Lord God would have prepared him and have led him without hurt into the realm of the Divine—but should have pronounced no curse upon the man and woman so beguiled. We do by no means lose sight of the horror of great darkness which envelops the origin of evil, but what we do see is clear and pure, and casts no shadow on the great white throne. It doth not yet appear, perhaps it never in this world will appear, that he hath put all enemies under his feet. But certainly in this guise he does not figure as a God of wrath and cursing, shutting himself away from the poor, feeble, falling man whom he has just made, but a God of infinite love and condescension and consideration. Standing by his puny man through evil report and through good report, punishing him only when he must and as little as he can, bending law to his infirmities, promising all sorts of earthly good to him while his soul is not elevated enough to value higher things, and gradually and with God-like pains and patience lifting him into a more spiritual life.

It is not to be supposed that the framers of any systems of theology and philosophy have acted from wrong or unworthy motives. Doubtless they have acted from the highest and the best. Our fathers did not mean to make a sanguinary, arbitrary, cruel God, being themselves cruel and arrogant men. They acted, on the contrary, on the sublime and self-sacrificing principle, let God be true and every man a liar. There is something pathetic, heroic, in their resolution to justify God, even at the expense of every instinct of humanity. And unto them and their offering doubtless God had respect. But it cannot be that God *wishes* us to sacrifice our common sense in his behalf, though it is to be hoped he will not wholly condemn us if we do. It must be that he wishes us to bring to the study of himself the same modes of thought and reason that we use in reference to other things, for with these minds has he himself endowed us. If there is something which we do not understand and cannot reconcile, it is better to let it go uncomprehended and inconsistent than to warp every rule of reason in the effort to explain and combine. It is not indispensable, though it is lawful, for finite human beings to attempt to frame perfect theological and philosophical systems; but it is indispensable that they should not overturn reason and instinct and consciousness in so doing.

It seems sometimes to be thought that unless we sinned in Adam we cannot be saved in Christ. But if we are not saved in Christ any more palpably and consciously than we sinned in Adam, we might as well be lost.

If we are to take Paul verbally and not argumentatively; if we are to understand his eager, rapid discourse as a presentation of historical facts controverting the original account of creation, and not as literary and perfectly just illustration to elucidate the thought that glowed within him without reference to scientific or historical statement, then we must so take it in all its parts and to the last degree. To me there is no clashing between Paul's statements and the absolution of every man from guilt in Adam's act. We might, indeed, say that not only sin but sinners and everything else entered into the world by one man. But Paul is not concerned with any naturalistic theory. He is striving to set forth the unsearchable riches of Christ, to show that salvation is as broad as sin, as wide as death; that man cannot go outside the love of Christ; that just as truly as all men die by reason of their belonging to a mortal race, just so surely may they live by reason of the life and immortality brought to light in the Gospel of Christ. If he does not mean this, if he means that literally all men sinned and died in Adam, without consciousness or will of their own, then we must continue the parallel and maintain that they live in Christ without any voluntary acceptance of him, or belief in him, or following after him.

THREE THINGS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"There are three things that return not."—*Arabian proverb.*

THREE things never come again.
Snow may vanish from the plain,
Blossoms from the dewy sod,
Verdure from the broken clod,
Water from the river-bed,
Forests from the mountain's head;
Night may brighten into day,
Noon in midnight fade away;
Yet the snow shall come once more
When the Winter tempests roar;
Blossoms each returning Spring
In her laden arms shall bring;
Grass be green where plow-shares run;
Rivers flash in Autumn's sun;
Time shall bid new forests grow,
Noon and night both come and go.
Yet, though all thy soul complain,
Three things never come again.

Love may vanish from thy path,
Swept aside by woe and wrath;
Hope may leave thee to despair,
Riches flee like smoke in air,
Home forsake thee, friends deny,
Life itself be fit to die;
But thy love may come once more,
Dearer than it seemed before,
Hope renew its smiling charm,
Riches heap their subtle harm,
Home be built from out its dust,
Friends beguile to new-born trust,
Life revive its joy and pain.
Three things never come again.

Never to the bow that bends
Comes the arrow that it sends;
Spent in space, its airy flight
Vanishes like lost delight;
When with rapid aim it sprang
From the bow-string's shivering twang,
Straight to brain or heart it fled,
Once for all its course was sped;
No wild wail upon its track
Calls the barb of vengeance back;
Hold thy hand before it go,
Think before thou draw'st the bow;
Hurtled once across the plain,
No sped arrow comes again!

Ne'er returns the chance that passed,
That one moment was its last;
Though thy life upon it hung,
Though thy death beneath it swung,
If thy future all the way
Now forever goes astray,
When the instant, born of fate,
Passes through the golden gate,
When the hour but not the man
Comes and goes from Nature's plan,
Never more its countenance
Beams upon thy slow advance,
Never more that time shall be
Burden-bearer unto thee;
Woe and want must cry in vain,
Lost chance never comes again!

Never shall thy spoken word
Be again unsaid, unheard;
Well their work thy lips have wrought,
Joy, or grief, or evil thought;
Once for all the rune is read;
Once for all the judgment said,
Though it pierce, a poisoned spear,
Through the soul thou holdest dear;
Though it quiver, fierce and deep,
Through some stainless spirit's sleep.
Idle, vain, the flying sting
That a passing rage might bring;
Speech shall give it fangs of steel,
Utterance all its might reveal;
Give thy tears of blood and fire,
Pray with pangs of mad desire,
Offer life and soul and all
That one sentence to recall;
Wrestle with its fatal wrath,
Chase with flying feet its path,
Rue it all thy lingering days,
Hide it deep with love and praise,
Once for all its course is sped;
None escape it but the dead;
All thy travail is in vain,
Spoken words come not again!

The Circuit Rider:*

A TALE OF THE HEROIC AGE.

By Edward Eggleston,
Author of "The Hoosier School-master," "The End of the World," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PINKEY AND ANN ELIZA.

THAT evening, after dark, Morton and his Brother Lewis strolled into the woods together. It was not safe for Lewis to walk about in the day time. The law was on one side and the vengeance of Micajah Harp's band, perhaps, on the other. But in the twilight he told Morton something which interested the latter greatly, and which increased his gratitude to Lewis. That you may understand what this communication was, I must go back to an event that happened the week before—to the very last adventure that Lewis Goodwin had in his character of Pinkey.

Ann Eliza Meacham had been disappointed. She had ridden ten miles to Mount Tabor Church, one of Morton's principal appointments. No doubt Ann Eliza persuaded herself—she never had any trouble in persuading herself—that zeal for religious worship was the motive that impelled her to ride so far to church. But why, then, did she wish she had not come, when, instead of the fine form and wavy locks of Brother Goodwin, she found in the pulpit only the located brother who was supplying his place in his absence at Kike's bedside? Why did she not go on to the afternoon appointment as she had intended? Certain it is that when Ann Eliza left that little log church—called *Mount* Tabor because it was built in a hollow, perhaps—she felt unaccountably depressed. She considered it a spiritual struggle, a veritable hand to hand conflict with Satan. She told the brethren and sisters that she must return home, she even declined to stay to dinner. She led the horse up to a log and sprang into the saddle, riding away toward home as rapidly as the awkward old natural pacer would carry her. She was vexed that Morton should stay away from his appointments on this part of his circuit to see anybody die. He might know that it would be a disappointment to her. She satisfied herself, however, by picturing to her own imagination the half-coldness with which she would treat Brother Goodwin when she should meet him. She inly rehearsed the scene. But with most people there is a more secret self, kept secret even from themselves. And in her more secret self, Ann Eliza knew that she would not dare treat Brother Goodwin coolly. She had a sense of insecurity in her hold upon him.

Riding thus through the great forests of beech and maple Ann Eliza had reached Cherry Run, only half a mile from her aunt's house, and the old horse, scenting the liberty and green grass of the pasture ahead of him, had quickened his pace after crossing the "run," when what should she see ahead but a man in wolf-skin cap and long whiskers. She had heard of Pinkey, the highwayman, and surely this must be he. Her heart fluttered, she reined her horse, and the highwayman advanced.

"I haven't anything to give you. What do you want?"

"I don't want anything but to persuade you to do your duty," he said, seating himself by the side of the trail on a stump.

"Let me go on," said Miss Meacham, frightened, starting her horse.

"Not yet," said Pinkey, seizing the bridle, "I want to talk to you." And he sat down again, holding fast to her bridle-rein.

"What is it?" asked Ann Eliza, subdued by a sense of helplessnes.

"Do you think, Sister Meacham," he said, in a canting tone, "that you are doing just right? Is not there something in your life that is wrong? With all your praying, and singing, and shouting, you are a wicked woman."

Ann Eliza's resentment now took fire. "Who are you, that talk in this way? You are a robber, and you know it! If you don't repent you will be lost! Seek religion now. You will soon sin away your day of grace, and what an awful eternity—"

Miss Meacham had fallen into this hortatory vein, partly because it was habitual with her, and consequently easier in a moment of confusion than any other, and partly because it was her forte, and she thought that these earnest and pathetic exhortations were her best weapons. But when she reached the words "awful eternity," Pinkey cried out sneeringly:

"Hold up, Ann Eliza! You don't run over me that way. I'm bad enough, God knows, and I'm afraid I shall find my way to hell some day. But if I do I expect to give you a civil good morning on my arrival, or welcome you if you get there after I do. You see I know all about you, and it's no use for you to glory-hallelujah me."

Ann Eliza did not think of anything appropriate to the occasion, and so she remained silent.

"I hear you have got young Goodwin on your hooks, now, and that you mean to marry him against his will. Is that so?

"No, it isn't. He proposed to me himself."

"O, yes! I suppose he did. You made him!"

"I did n't."

"I suppose not. You never did. Not even in Pennsylvania. How about young Harlow? Who made him?"

Ann Eliza changed color. "Who are you?" she asked.

"And that fellow with dark hair, what's his name? The one you danced with down at Stevens's one night."

"What do you bring up all my old sins for?" asked Ann Eliza, weeping. "You know I have repented of all of them, and now that I am trying to lead a new life, and now that God has forgiven my sins and let me see the light of his reconciled countenance ——"

"Stop, Ann Eliza," broke out Pinkey. "You sha'n't glory-hallelujah me in that style, confound you! Maybe God has forgiven you for driving Harlow to drink himself into tremens and the grave, and for sending that other fellow to the devil, and for that other thing, you know. You wouldn't like me to mention it. You've got a very pretty face, Ann Eliza,—you know you have. But Brother Goodwin don't love you. You entangled him; you know you did. Has God forgiven you for that, yet? Don't you think you'd better go to the mourners' bench next time yourself, instead of talking to the mourners as if you were an angel? Come, Ann Eliza, look at yourself, and see if you can sing glory-hallelujah. Hey?"

"Let me go," plead the young woman, in terror.

"Not yet, you angelic creature. Now that I come to think of it, piety suits your style of feature. Ann Eliza, I want to ask you one question before we part, to meet down below, perhaps. If you are so pious, why can't you be honest? Why can't you tell Preacher Goodwin what you left Pennsylvania for? Why the devil don't you let him know beforehand what sort of a horse he's getting when he invests in you? Is it pious to cheat a man into marrying you, when you know he would n't do it if he knew the whole truth? Come now, you talk a good deal about the 'bar of God,' what do you think will become of such a swindle as you are, at the bar of God?"

"You are a wicked man," cried she, "to bring up the sins that I have put behind my back. Why should I talk with—with Brother Goodwin or anybody about them?"

For Ann Eliza always quieted her conscience by reasoning that God's forgiveness had made the unpleasant facts of her life as though they were not. It was very unpleasant, when she had put down her memory entirely upon certain points, to have it march up to her from without, wearing a wolf-skin cap and false whiskers, and speaking about the most disagreeable subjects.

"Ann Eliza, I thought maybe you had a conscience, but you don't seem to have any. You are totally depraved, I believe, if you do love to sing and shout and pray. Now, when a preacher cannot get a man to be good by talking at his conscience, he talks damnation to him. But you think you have managed to get round on the blind side of God, and I don't suppose you are afraid of hell itself. So, as conscience and perdition won't touch you, I'll try something else. You are going to write a note to Preacher Goodwin and let him off. I am going to carry it."

"I won't write any such note, if you shoot me!"

"You are n't afraid of gunpowder. You think you'd sail into heaven straight, by virtue of your experiences. I am not going to shoot you, but here is a pencil and a piece of paper. You may write to Goodwin, or I shall. If I write I will put down a truthful history of all Ann Eliza Meacham's life, and I shall be quite particular to tell him why you left Pennsylvania and came out here to evangelize the wilderness, and play the mischief with your heavenly blue eyes. But, if you write, I'll keep still."

"I'll write, then," she said in trepidation.

"You'll write now, honey," replied her mysterious tormenter, leading the horse up to the stump.

Ann Eliza dismounted, sat down, and took the pencil. Her ingenious mind immediately set itself to devising some way by which she might satisfy the man who was so strangely acquainted with her life, and yet keep a sort of hold upon the young preacher. But the man stood behind her and said, as she began, "Now write what I say. I don't care how you open. Call him any sweet name you please. But you'd better say 'Dear Sir.'"

Ann Eliza wrote: "Dear Sir."

"Now say: 'The engagement between us is broken off. It is my fault, not yours.'"

"I won't write that."

"Yes, you will, my pious friend. Now, Ann Eliza, you've got a nice face; when a man once gets in love with you he can't quite get out. I suppose I will feel tender toward you when we meet to part no more, down below. I was in love with you once."

"Who are you?"

"O, that don't matter! I was going to say that if I hadn't been in love with your blue eyes once I wouldn't have taken the trouble to come forty miles to get you to write this letter. I was only a mile away from Brother Goodwin, as you call him, when I heard that you had victimized him. I could have sent him a note. I came over here to save you from the ruin you deserve. I would have told him more than the people in Pennsylvania ever knew. Come, my dear, scribble away as I say, or I will tell him and everybody else what will take the music out of your love-feast speeches in all this country."

With a tremulous hand Ann Eliza wrote, reflecting that she could send another note after this and tell Brother Goodwin that a highwayman who entertained an insane love for her had met her in a lonely spot and extorted this from her. She handed the note to Pinkey.

"Now, Ann Eliza, you'd better ask God to forgive this sin, too. You may pray and shout till you die, I'll never say anything—unless you open communication with preacher Goodwin again. Do that, and I'll blow you sky-high."

"You are cruel, and wicked, and mean, and —"

"Come, Ann Eliza, you used to call me sweeter names than that, and you don't look half so fascinating when you're mad as when you are talking heavenly. Good by, Miss Meacham." And with that Pinkey went into a thicket and brought forth his own horse and rode away, not on the road but through the woods.

If Ann Eliza could have guessed which one of her many lovers this might be she would have set about forming some plan for circumventing him. But the mystery was too much for her. She sincerely loved Morton, and the bitter cup she had given to others had now come back to her own lips. And with it came a little humility. She could not again forget her early sins so totally. She looked to see them start out of the bushes by the wayside at her.

After this recital it is not necessary that I should tell you what Lewis Goodwin told his brother that night as they strolled in the woods.

At midnight Lewis left home, where he could not stay longer with safety. The war with Great Britain had broken out and he joined the army at Chillicothe under his own name, which was his best disguise. He was wounded at Lundy's Lane, and wrote home that he was trying to wipe the stain off his name. He afterward moved West and led an honest life, but the memory of his wild youth never ceased to give him pain. Indeed nothing is so dangerous to a reformed sinner as forgetfulness.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GETTING THE ANSWER.

WHEN Patty went down to strain the milk on the morning after her return, the hope of some deliverance through Lewis Goodwin had well-nigh died out. If he had had anything to communicate, Morton would not have delayed so long to come to see her. But, standing there as of old, in the moss-covered spring-house, she was, in spite of herself, dreaming dreams of Morton, and wondering whether she could have misunderstood the hint that Lewis Goodwin, while he was yet Pinkey, had dropped. By the time the first crock was filled with milk and adjusted to its place in the cold current, she had recalled that morning of nearly three years before when she had resolved to forsake father and mother and cleave to Morton; by the time the second crock had been neatly covered with its clean block she thought she could almost hear him, as she had heard him singing on that morning:

> "Ghaist nor bogie shalt thou fear,
> Thou 'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
> Nocht of ill may come thee near,
> My bonnie dearie."

Both she and Morton had long since, in accordance with the Book of Discipline, given up "singing those songs that do not tend to the glory of God," but she felt a longing to hear Morton's voice again, assuring her of his strong protection, as it had on that morning three years ago. Meanwhile, she had filled all the crocks and now turned to pass out of the low door when she saw, standing there as he had stood on that other morning, Morton Goodwin. He was more manly, more self-contained, than then. Years of discipline had ripened them both. He stepped back and let her emerge into the light; he handed her that note which Pinkey had dictated to Ann Eliza, and which Patty read:

"Rev. Morton Goodwin:

"*Dear Sir*—The engagement between us is broken off. It is my fault and not yours.

"Ann E. Meacham."

"It must have cost her a great deal," said Patty, in pity. Morton loved her better for her first unselfish thought.

He then told her frankly the history of the engagement; and then he and Patty sat and talked in a happiness so great that it made them quiet, until some one came to call her, when Morton walked up to the house to renew his acquaintance with the invalid and mollified Captain Lumsden.

"Faix, Moirton," said Brady, afterward, when he came to understand how matters stood, "you've got the answer in the book. It's quare enough. Now, 'one and one is two' is aisy enough, but 'one and one is one' makes the hardest sum iver given to anybody. You've got it, and I'm glad of it. May ye niver conjugate the varb 'to love' anyways except prisent tinse, indicative mood, first parson, plural number, 'we love.' I don't keer if ye add the future tinse, and say, 'we will love,' nor ef ye put in the parfect and say, 'we have loved,' but may ye always stick fast to first parson, plural number, prisint tinse, indicative mood, active v'ice!"

Morton returned to Jenkinsville circuit in some trepidation. He feared that the old brethren would

* *Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by* J. B. Ford & Co., *in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.*

blame him more than ever. But this time he found himself the object of much sympathy. Ann Eliza had forestalled all gossip by renewing her engagement with the very willing Bob Holston, who chuckled a great deal to think how he had "cut out" the preacher, after all. And when Brother Magruder came to understand that he had not understood Morton's case at all, and to understand that he never should be able to understand it, he thought to atone for any mistake he might have made by advising the bishop to send Brother Goodwin to the circuit that included Hissawachee. And Morton liked the appointment better than Magruder had expected. Instead of living with his mother, as became a dutiful son, he soon installed himself for the year at the house of Captain Lumsden, in the double capacity of general supervisor of the moribund man's affairs and son-in-law.

There rise before me, as I write these last lines, visions of circuits and stations of which Morton was afterward the preacher-in-charge, and of districts of which he came to be presiding elder. Are not all of these written in the Book of the Minutes of the Conference? But the silent and unobtrusive heroism of Patty and her brave and life-long sacrifices are recorded nowhere but in the Book of God's Remembrance.

THE END.

THE UNKNOWN AND THE KNOWN.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

THE life of man is full of mystery.
Nay, what but the mystery of mysteries
Is life itself? The outward sense exhausts
Its utmost strength upon the rind, and leaves
The kernel unexplored. Young Science, vain
Of her ten thousand sunlit eyes, is blind!
Bold Reason, boasting triumphs numberless
O'er Superstition's black and thronging hosts,
Before this problem stands appalled and dumb!
Imagination's wings droop powerless,
Bringing no answer to the longing heart
From the wide realms through which she proudly soars!
Anointed by God's hand, the spiritual eye,
Though reading much the tongue can never speak,
Yet strains itself in vain to pierce the vail
That hides from man the mystery of LIFE!
What then? Enough for us that Duty's path
Is plain; that in our souls there burns a flame,
At God's own altar kindled, which reveals
The Right and True, and warns us from the Wrong.
Enough to know our Father God, and man
Our equal brother; that our being's end
Is happiness unending, unalloyed,
And death *not* death, but *life*—IMMORTAL LIFE.

Yale Lectures on Preaching.*

THIRD SERIES.

BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

No. V.

PRACTICAL USE OF THE DIVINE IDEAL.

Delivered before the Students of Yale Theological School, in Marquand Chapel, New Haven, February 26th, 1874.

Reported expressly for the CHRISTIAN UNION *by T. J. Ellinwood.*

A PARADOX.

IN attempting to interpret to our people the knowledge of God, it is necessary that, first, the divine nature should be unknowable, in order that it may be knowable; and, then, that it should be known before it can be unknown—if you will excuse such a paradox as this.

IDOLATRY AND MYSTICISM.

The human mind longs for something which it can take hold of, and grasp by that part of itself which is most active, and in which its strength lies. This desire is the root of all idolatry. Idols are rude attempts of men to present to themselves a superior power by the use of those materials with which they are most familiar; and that root-desire is in itself right. Without it there would be no outreach toward God; without it the soul would not feel drawn or attracted heavenward. This is that which in the Scriptures is rebuked—that men should attempt to frame a God for their senses, and out of themselves alone; and yet, since all knowledge on our part, in its initial stages, must have relation to our own faculties, since we cannot understand anything that addresses itself to other faculties than those which we have, all our knowledge, in the beginning, must be of things visible, or of things easily cognizable; we must take known things. Being taken, however, they must be exalted—they must be carried up so high that they cease to represent the weakness and the rudeness of the human element. This is the work of faith; or, in other words, the work of the imagination, acting philosophically with the higher intellectual and moral powers.

If you take the things which are known, and frame them into divinity just as you know them, and into such a divinity as shall stand on the level with your knowledge, you have an idol. If you take the conceptions which go to make the divine nature, and employ abstractions of mere philosophical ideas, then you come into the realm of mysticism, or the realm of pure ideality, that is as barren of power as idolatry itself—certainly as barren of any power for good.

THE KNOWN RAISED TO THE UNKNOWN.

So, then, the operation through which the human mind goes, in the construction of its conception of God, is that of taking things with which it is acquainted, and forming that conception by thought, by accumulation, by various means, until it is all irradiated by imagination, and under the divine inspiration—which I believe not to be local or special, but universal, in everything that lifts a man above the animal condition, and belonging to all time, as well as to all men who think of moral ideas and the higher forms of intellectual truth.

Under this inspiration—or, if I may so say, under the stimulus of the Sun of Righteousness—these elements of knowledge with which we commence must be lifted up into that sphere where we can begin to assign to them infinity—and to INFINITY there can be no absolute meaning other than that of illimitable and immeasurable extent or intensity. These qualities, whose germ-forms are in our knowledge, must be raised into a sphere in which the imagination conceives of them as literally presenting the utmost measures which human experience can apply in respect to quality and quantity,—and then recognizing their still vaster range.

So we take time-elements, and frame a conception of the divine Being out of them. But then, before we have completed that conception it must have entered into the realm of eternity, and our God must transcend anything that the human mind can conceive of. In pre-existence and in continued existence he is exalted immeasurably above animal life, above human life, above race-life, passing all the analogies or facts with which we began. We lift up into the heaven that which, when once lifted up, is as much higher than the elements with which we set out, as the clouds that hang gorgeous in the sky, or are glorified at evening, are higher than the particles of vapor when they first begin to ascend from puddle, pool, or stream.

SENSE OF INFINITY, A MORAL POWER.

It is this thought that familiarly springs, and must spring, from our knowledge, but that it must not stop there, nor take its limits there—that it must be carried up into the infinite and the eternal—it is this thought that will have much to do, by-and-by, in your work of the ministry; for you are to do for individual men from the pulpit, in the course of a few years, that which historically has been done for the race through periods of thousands of years. In other words, the great problem of the evolution of moral truth is to be enacted over again—only it is to be done in briefer and still briefer periods. If you are a minister, you are appointed, in some sense, to be a Providence to your people, and to do in a short space of time what in earlier periods was done through the lives of nations and of the race. So, then, when we have begun with things known, we are to carry the idea of God as far away from known things as we can. In that way we get power, as I will show further along. Otherwise there would be no power.

The infinity of God, in all its attributes; the eternity of God,—the self-existence of God—you may be able to carry your people back along the line of thought respecting these things until they pant for breath; there is a certain moral dynamic result, sometimes, by which men are so overcome by the contemplation of the eternity and self-existence of God, that they almost gasp at the thought of it. Yet it is not necessary that there should be a distinct intellectual perception of these things.

Thus it is also in regard to the universalness of God's presence, of his absolute supremacy and of his omnipotent power; and in these later days, when we have a more perfect understanding of created things, the problem of divine ease in the management of the universe is increased in difficulty of conception; and the thought that one Being can have personal care over that which we know and are all the time finding out to be the universe is rendered harder of conception.

Science is unpacking a particular part of the universe, and showing its infinite riches, and variety, and depth, and complexity. All elements that go to make science so wonderful now are re-acting in their turn, and are making that divine Center, who is the Father and Controller of these elements, still more wonderful.

It seems to me that the idea of God has but dawned, and that we are to have further and further revelations respecting him. I believe, however, not that the new will slough off the old, or supersede the old, but simply that, as in a stately tree, branch after branch, or as in the pine, whorl after whorl, makes all that there was more noble and grander, so upon the basis of knowledge, actual and real, there is to be development after development, through ages, which will give a perception of God that prophets may now discern dimly, but that we do not see.

THE DANGER OF INFINITE IDEAL.

When you have presented this thought of God to your people; when to their imagination you have filled it full of power and wonderfulness; when you have made them feel that God is, in the heaven, and over the heaven, the Master of time and of eternity, the Indweller of the invisible; the forthputter of all phenomena; when you have raised before them an immense conception of the divine power and grandeur and majesty and fullness and glory, there will be danger of their being without a God. He will be so large, and he will live in such different conditions that they will be liable to lose him.

THE UNKNOWABLE REDUCED TO THE KNOWABLE.

Now, therefore, you must bring back again from the unknowable to the knowable, those whose imaginations are tremulous with the impressions of the Divine which you have made upon them. You must lead them back from those depths to which you have carried them, by opening to them God's righteousness and his paternal government, and by making them sure of the truth of a Providence, particular and minute.

I would as soon die as live, if I thought the net-work of natural law which is being woven now was to take away my faith of prayer, and my faith of a Providence, personal and especial. With the destruction of the doctrine of such a Providence, and of the conception of prayer, everything, to me, would be destroyed. Deprive me of these things, and you deprive me of that on which my hope rests. Without them I should be as an atom floating in space, out of the reach of any sympathy.

You need to bring near to your people that God the conception of whom you have builded and magnified in their hearts, so that they shall feel that he is theirs. Point out to me a man whom all the world is talking about, who is surrounded by crowds of admirers, whose step in the nation makes it tremble, and who is influential and great—point out to me such a man, and though I admire him too, I stand in awe of him, and, am afraid to approach him; but tell me, "That man is your own father," and then the more there is of him the better it is for me, because he is mine.

You have taken poor, humble elements, and constructed a conceptional God, and carried him up into infinities and eternities, and sovereignties, and grandeurs, that are indispensable both to the understanding and to the imagination of men; but if you leave men shivering so far below that their sun has not beams long enough to reach them, they die, chilled and summerless.

God, after he has been thus exalted, is to be brought back to the comprehension of men in various ways, and particularly through that grandest of channels, Jesus Christ, as I shall show when I come to speak of him.

For, through him God has been brought near by a sense of his paternity in government; by a sense of reality in providence, by a sense that men partake, through sympathy, of the capacity of the Divine nature to endure suffering—not the suffering of the weak; not physical suffering; not the suffering that overtaxes the powers; but that suffering which belongs to love, and without which we can hardly conceive of a faithful friend or a truly noble being—the very antithesis of the Greek conception, which attempted to make God as perfect as marble, until he was little more than a marble statue, having a very slight relation to life, and being without a throb of affection.

USE OF THE IMAGINATION.

It is, then, the known carried up into the unknown that develops the power over men of the Divine nature. First, it develops power of imagination. Theologians are accustomed to speak of the imagination as though a taint rested upon it, because it has been so generally employed in connection with the merely beautiful. We think of it as an embellishment of art, or as that which has in it the key of art. It has to do with the beautiful that poetry largely deals in. It has to do with ornamentation of rhetoric or oratory. It has to do with grace of movement, with symmetry of form, and with harmony of color. But while the imagination certainly has these sensuous functions, it has also, and preëminently, a higher function. It works with the intellect; with the philosophical side of the mind; with those faculties which take in things that are not embodied to the senses; with the sense of reason; with that which some people say *intuates*, or thinks by inspiration—whatever you choose to call it in your philosophy. It is that quality of the mind by which a man, through his reason, is enabled to take in the conception of things which do not any more present themselves to the senses. As the apostle (or whoever wrote the epistle to the Hebrews; it was not Paul, I will vouch!) defines it, it is the "evidence of things not seen." It is that conviction which springs up in the mind, of the reality of things which the senses cannot prove.

It is by the carrying up of the known into the realm of the unknowable that men's imaginations are quickened, and that, by long dwelling in that realm, they may be sanctified.

It is of vital importance that this quality be awakened among your people. I do not believe that anybody can be a Christian who has not imagination enough to say and to feel, "Our Father who art in heaven"—not in any house, not anywhere on earth, but in heaven. What other thing in men can climb the ladder clear up to heaven but imagination? How can a man stand and tell or ask all the world to rejoice at things not seen through any other faculty than the imagination?

There is a form of religion that may be a hindrance; but there is in another form that is quickening, that is vitalizing, that is indispensable; and there is nothing that develops it more than the presentation of a conception of the Divine being made up of noble elements

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carried to such an exaltation that they transcend knowledge, so that the mind goes feeling, feeling, feeling after God.

As in those vastest palaces in Europe, such as the *Louvre*, one wanders from hall to hall and from room to room, until his feet are weary, and he is amazed and lost in the multitude of apartments, so, when one explores the nature of God, however familiar he may be with the elemental truths of it, he goes on and on, and apartment after apartment opens before him, until his mind is lost; but it is not lost in the sense of being staggered. It is a being lost which vitalizes. The sense is prodigious, of the magnitude of such a Being.

THE HUMBLING OF SELF ESTEEM.

When the imagination has taken hold of the view of the immensity, the power, the righteousness, and the glory of God, both physically and morally, it is through this faculty, and almost only through it, that the natural conceit which is found in very many men can be legitimately met and put down. "There is more hope of a fool" than of "a man wise in his own conceit," we are told by the cynical king of old. I think the hardest thing to do, in this world, is to put down a man who has large self-esteem, and who is constitutionally proud.

The men of old, who shook the world, were made up in that way. The men who occupy important places, and stand as pivots on which great events move, must be made up of good stuff. They must have confidence in themselves, and they must be certain of their convictions. They must be men who are not easily broken or bent. And yet their conceit is to be taken out of them, and their pride needs to be humbled. But there is nothing that I know of which can ever bring such natures down, except a sense of God that shall make their own littleness overpowering to them.

A man with large self-esteem, looking at a great thinker or one capable of great feeling, may say, "That man knows more than I do"; but the distance or disproportion between them is not such as to overwhelm him. It is only by such a man's comparing his own power with omnipotence that he can be humbled. It is true that a man may be cudgeled into humility by misfortunes, or by abuse; but under such circumstances his power will be broken, and he will resemble flax that has been retted in the dew, and then broken in a brake, and then heckled, and then spun and woven. A man may be beaten by his contact with society so that he shall become listless; or so that, according to the familiar saying, he shall *have the starch taken out of him*. He may be humbled, but he has lost power in the operation. There is a sense, however, in which a man may be thoroughly humbled, and yet maintain all the vitality, all the lunge, all the push, that there is in strong self-esteem.

When Job was assailed by his comforters (heaven help a man who has such comforters!) he battled against the whole of them, and did it bravely, and successfully, too; but when God came into the controversy, and opened sphere after sphere of knowledge, and with wonderful kindness said, "Where wert thou when I thought, and where wert thou when I created?" and made the heaven and the earth to pass before Job, then it was that Job said, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now my eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself."

It is only by a sense of God vitalized, radiant, burning, that real pride of character, which has in it so much power and usefulness, can be brought into that mood of humility which shall make it as sweet as it is strong.

Paul went through the same experience. He said, "I was alive without the law once [by 'law' here is meant the revelation of the will of God, and the measure of the divine ideal, which is given to man]; but when the law came, sin revived, and I died." He was death-struck at the view.

GROWTH OF AN UNDERSTANDING OF CHRIST.

I have said that this brings down conceit, and humbles a man. I go further: I say that this conception, beginning in known things, and going up into the realm of the unknown, and then coming back to the sphere of familiar knowledge, is an indispensable pre-requisite to an intelligent and large conception of the Lord Jesus Christ, as God manifest in the flesh. For you must remember that it was not until the "fullness of the times" that Christ came. There was an order in the development of the world; and it is not said in so many words, but it is implied, and the facts show that it was not until the full development of the character of God, as it is made known in the Old Testament, that the distinctive qualities which Christ brought to light and evinced in his life could be fully appreciated. For example, every man, I think, before he can understand meekness, and gentleness, and sweetness, and forgivingness in any person, must understand the magnitude and the power of that person. The events, the interpretations, and the applications in government of the divine nature and attributes, in the Old Testament, have no parallel in the New Testament—not even in the Apocalypse. That supreme work of the divine nature which Christ came to interpret and to illustrate, and which must precede the believing of the Lord Jesus Christ, is delineated in the Old Testament Scriptures as it is delineated nowhere else. All the elements of spiritual truth which are revealed respecting God in the New Testament have their first germinant form in the Old Testament.

THE NEW TESTAMENT SEEN THROUGH THE OLD TESTAMENT.

I do not know where in the New Testament you can find any such dramatic and soul-shaking representations of God as were made to Moses; as were made to the Prophet on the side of the mountain where he had fled; as were made in the later prophecies—for instance, those of Isaiah and Jeremiah; and as were made in the book of Job—the mightiest drama ever written, and one which leaves all other dramas poor and pulseless in the comparison. I know not where else you can find any such description of the glory, the largeness, the infinity, and the eternity of the divine nature, as is contained in the Old Testament. You certainly cannot find it in the Gospels. You can find it only to a slight degree, if at all, in the Epistles. The Apocalypse is pictorial, opalescent, and wonderful; but if you search you will find that most of its figures, and its sublimest scenes, are but reproductions from the Old Testament—that they were found in the Old Jewish Scriptures in one form or another before they were put into the drapery of that wonderful later book.

Every man, therefore, must go to the New Testament through the Old Testament, either really or virtually. That is to say, if he reads and accepts the representations of the divine nature and government as they are found in the Old Testament, then he goes to the New Testament, really, through the Old, as through an open door, or as through an illuminated passage-way. And to one who goes to the New Testament thus, there is great power in Christ.

Gentleness in Him that delivered the law upon Sinai is gentleness indeed. There is nothing so gentle as the touch of one who is dying of exhaustion; but gentleness under such circumstances is weakness, and is as nothing. There is nothing more common than the self-renunciation of a man who cannot help himself. There is nothing in the world so empty as virtue when a person does not care what he has done, and would just as lief have done one thing as another. Benevolence, where it is only absolute indifference to moral quality, is very easily understood, and is very cheap. But when God is represented, in the grandeur of his power, as One who is controlling the universe for the up-building of a future kingdom; as One who loves righteousness; as One who stands for ever, saying, "I am patient with sin; I am long-suffering; I am full of kindness; and rather than that men should suffer, I suffer;" as One in whom levity and meekness are attributes of thunderous power, of universal unobstructed government, of sovereignty and majesty—then these elements have a meaning which they could not have, standing simply and only by themselves.

Thus Jesus Christ sprouts out of the Old Testament; Messiah is a blossom of the God of the old Hebrews; and you need to see the stem and the leaves, as well as the mere blossom. The salient familiar traits of Christ do not receive illustration, and have not power with men, unless they are shown upon a back-ground of the unknowable—that is, of God, in such transcendent condition, extent, and altitude, as passes knowledge.

You will find, in the New Testament, this same thing exemplified; as where, for instance, our Saviour, wishing to teach that lesson which is most fundamental, slowest to be learned, and most easily forgotten, knowing that he came from God, and went to God again, took a towel, and girded himself, and washed the disciples' feet. For Peter or John to put a towel around him, and wash the feet of his fellow-disciples, though it would have been something, to be sure, would have been a very small matter; but for the Master to stand in the full glow and consciousness of his everlasting divinity, and do it, was a very significant thing. The humiliation, standing on the ground of divine consciousness, was most powerful.

So you find in Philippians the statement that "Christ, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; *but* made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." You see, in this case, that the humiliation on the part of Christ was voluntary, and that it was over against a sense that he was very God. Another similar instance is that which is recorded in the opening of Hebrews, where it is said, "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." Here, over against that consciousness of justice which existed in the Jewish nation, Christ is evermore depicted. And the subtle, unconscious influence of these passages lies in this philosophical ground and reason, which I have been attempting to illustrate.

REFLECTED LIGHT.

In view of the statement that everybody must virtually come to the New Testament through the Old, you may ask me, "Do you not believe that a Christianly bred child, a child that has received instruction in the New Testament alone, and has been taught what is right and what is wrong, what is virtuous and what is unvirtuous, is salvable, and may enter the kingdom of heaven?" Undoubtedly I do; because, although the child is imperfectly educated, the Old Testament is not left out. It is in the mother.

We are to take into consideration the religion that is in nature. Reflected light is a thousand times more than direct light. Direct light is the most brilliant; but yet, in every forest, under every rock, behind every house, everywhere, there are gradations of reflected light.

Not only does the truth of God exist positively and directly in this world, but it is reflected in a thousand ways. There is a truth of God that comes out of laws; there is a truth of God that comes out of institutions; there is a truth of God that comes out of manners and customs in Christianly bred communities; there is a truth of God that comes out of men's characters, that have been incarnated and embalmed; and you get a secondary light of truth where you do not get the first downfall of the light of truth. And so a child may be educated to know Christ Jesus without having read a word of the Old Testament.

POWER OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Many parents do not dare to let their children go to the Old Testament. They say there are in it many things that shock the refinement of modern Christians, and that they do not want their children to see. There are, it is true, many things in the history of the race which are not agreeable. So there are many things in the growth of every child that are not agreeable; and we take him off to the nursery, and do not show him in the parlor; but they are necessary parts of life, though they do not belong to polite society. And there are parts of the Old Testament which do not belong to polite literature; but they belong to life, notwithstanding. Life has knots and twists in it which must be taken account of in a true delineation. Old Cromwell wanted to be painted with the wart on his face; and the Old Testament paints warts on the faces of its heroes.

Now, if parents are fastidious about the Old Testament, the consequence is that their children are weakened, unless they get its reflected light—and then they are not half so strong as they would otherwise be. I would rather take my child by the hand, and walk with him right straight through from Genesis to the last book of the Old Testament, and read every bit to him, unfolding and explaining it, than to have him deprived of the power which comes from familiarity with it—all the time keeping before his mind the thread of moral principle which runs through it; for there is not more certainly a spinal cord that runs down to the lumbar vertebræ than there is a magnificent idea of God running right through the Old Testament from beginning to end—of a God known, but unknowable; of a God righteous, and seeking to build up righteousness in his creatures; of a God administering reward and penalty; of a God inspiring love and fear. And having opened up the sweet encouragement and hope which are so abundantly to be found in the Old Testament, I would then open up the New Testament view of God's interior disposition, as made manifest through the Lord Jesus Christ.

I beseech of you do not be ashamed of the Old Testament. If you are ashamed of it, God grant that you may suffer persecution, for I do not think a man ever suffered persecution, and fought bravely against it, that he did not take refuge in the Old Testament. It came out of storms, and it is helpful to men who are in the midst of storms. There is bone in it—bone that has flesh and skin on it, and that is clothed with beauty. It is a wilderness; there are some rudenesses in it, to be sure, but these rudenesses were unavoidable, and they were not without some use.

The Old Testament is wonderful in many ways—wonderful in its growths—wonderful in its visions—wonderful in its total effect. And it is indispensable as a back-ground to the New Testament.

As mountains would be undesirable to live in, but as, nevertheless, they are fathers of all the streams that make the level plain sweet and beautiful, so the Old Testament, though it contains some things which are not attractive, is the source of those truths which run into the New Testament, and make it fertile.

SACREDNESS OF THE NAME OF GOD.

Now, in preaching, let me say first, do not fritter away power or reverence, by a tripping use of the divine name. I am not reverential except through one or two faculties. Reverence in me is an auxiliary element. It needs something to be helped by. I revere anything that is beautiful. I revere Christ more than I do Jehovah. This is my infirmity. Therefore I make a personal equation when I study the subject of divinity, knowing that I shall be deficient on that side, and endeavor to make up the deficiency. But even *I* cannot endure the theological familiarity with the name of God which so largely prevails among ministers.

Mr. Arnold says that men talk of God as though he were a neighbor just around the corner that everybody knew all about. It is shocking to me—even to *me!*

The Hebrews had a name which they never mentioned. This was true not only of them, but of many outlying nations. They had periphrastic words or terms which they used for expressing the unpronounceable name of God. As they drew near to it, undoubtedly it threw a sort of shadow upon them, and veneration was excited in their bosom by it.

Well, that is a trait of human nature. If you observe, you will see that the things which to you are the dearest, the noblest, the most precious, are the things which you are the least likely to speak of. Hence the most exquisite thoughts of love are those which are

never uttered. You shrink from uttering them. It is not shame that prevents your speaking of them, but a reason of nature which God put in you, and they lie deep and unpronounced. There are many natures, fit to be angel-natures, that would die rather than speak of things in them that it is their glory to possess. And there is an application of this to the way in which God should be preached.

God is my heavenly Father. I used to take liberties with my earthly father, but I took liberties with him only so far, and in some things; and it was all the more sweet because there was a background in him that I never took liberties with. This always, as it were, gave me a sense of the strength and the treasure that I had in him.

The very name of God ought to be sacred.

THE PREACHER'S CONCEPTION OF GOD TO BE PRACTICAL.

In the development of the divine nature, do not always—do not ever, except in your study—stand at God's center and work out from that: stand at the soul's center; for it is not your calling to attempt to construct a divine conception, except for its uses. The knowledge of the divine nature which you gather is to be employed as the bread of life; as medicine for the soul; and, therefore, in the interpretation of the divine nature, while you may make yourselves strong and wise by standing at the center of the divine, and then logically balancing attribute and quality with facts of being; while as an exercise, and as a preparation, that may be allowable; and while, sometimes, in that part of your ministry where you are instructing your congregation on grounds that are to constitute the foundation of some view, you may delineate from the divine center; yet, mainly, you are physicians, called to prescribe for the wants of men; to eradicate the bad and develop the good in them; and therefore your teaching in regard to the divine nature must be largely relative to human necessity. This is an important element in preaching.

What is fundamental in theology is not necessarily that it is essential to the right conception of the divine nature; for many things are indispensable in the construction of a system which are not at all indispensable in the recovery of a soul. Predestination is the central point in the scheme of Calvinism; knock that point out, and you cannot hold this system together; but revivals will spring up, and men will be converted and become Christians, without ever having heard of that doctrine. It is necessary for a certain logical development of an idea or a philosophy, but it is not necessary as a curative process for the depraved heart.

You are to bear in mind that you cannot develop the whole of the divine nature. You can form a generic conception of God, and you are to do it; and then you are to take part after part of that generic idea, and adapt it to the wants of men.

That is the example of the Old Testament; it is the example, preëminently, of the New Testament; and, whether their theory be that or not, it is the example of men in their employment of the knowledge of God for the recovery of men from sin to righteousness. Human want, man's need, therefore, must decide how the divine nature should be preached.

SYMMETRICAL PREACHING.

This determines a question about which there has been a great deal of confusion of thought—namely, the question of proportion of truth, or, in other words, of symmetry of view. People sometimes say of a man who preaches under the inspiration of human life, "He is a good minister, but he preaches all on one side." There are theologians who preach under the inspiration of a system of truth, and not under the inspiration of human life; who are all the time afraid that something will happen to batter that system in on this side, or pull it out on that side; who, if they preach one view one Sunday, think, for no reason in creation than because they preached that view, that next Sunday they must preach the view which is its natural antithesis; and who thus go on preaching around the ribs of an imaginary system, to keep it from being lopsided.

Now, in the first place, you do not know enough to do it; nor do any others know enough to do it; and more's the pity if they think they do. The power of developing the divine nature in its universal forms is not given to us; and nowhere else is this more positively declared (to the shame of arrogant thinkers and teachers) than in the Bible itself. You cannot yet tell all that there is in the divine nature; and until you can, you cannot make a symmetrical, centre-poised view of God. You can develop as much of the divine nature as is adapted to man, or as much as is relative to his want; but even that part that is tangible, or comprehensible, or within the horizon of faith, is to be used in due proportions: not, however, on account of any imaginary dignity which there is in theology, nor because of any fear that you will pain God. I do not think God cares very much for your sermons anyhow; but he does care for men's souls. I suspect that he cares more for that end of the church than he does for this end—though there is a difference of opinion on that subject.

When my ministry was in the West, what did I find? A loose and heterogeneous mass of men who had come from everywhere—a detritus from the stream of emigration. As at the Delta of the Mississippi is gathered refuse which floats down from the region above, so in the West were gathered human beings from almost every nation on the globe; and there the principle of individualism was the predominant one. I insisted upon the sanctity of the Sabbath day; I insisted upon the absolute necessity of churches, and of church forms; and I insisted upon the indispensableness of authority, and of obedience to that authority. I preached Sunday after Sunday against individualism, and in favor of association.

By and by I was transferred to the East; and there I found society hard-ribbed, rigorous. Men were lopped off on every side, to make them fit into crowded populations. Society was tyrannical. And ever since I came East I have fought society, and tried to get men to be free, independent and large.

I was right both times. I did not care for abstract theories. My object was to get *men*. When, by reason of their condition, they needed one side of truth, I kept pouring that side of truth on them. Not that I neglected instructively to bring up other sides of truth; but I made predominant that side which they were most in need of. The instrument with which I moulded them was adapted to the state which they were in. In the West I tried to bring men together in collective bodies for the sake of developing more power and better fruit; and in the East I tried to get men out of their Pharisaism, so that they might breathe freer, and, like trees that stand in the open field, grow broader, throwing out side-branches, and developing the glory of society.

Now, if I had to study the proportions of a philosophy, I should study in such a way that I would save my philosophy, but lose my men.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when you want to do anything with promiscuous, common people, you are obliged to exaggerate. If you take one needle and push it into a round ball of yarn you have no difficulty in making it go through; but if a man says, "It is not fair to take one needle alone; here is the whole paper; they must all have a chance," and puts them into the ball, and pushes them, together they are as blunt as the handle of a chisel. Fifty needles pushed in a bunch do not prick anybody. And if you say, "Now I am going to preach the doctrine of God's moral nature; but then, I am going to define it, and explain it, so as to take away all possible ground of objection," you will produce no impression. You will try to maintain your central truth or system without any regard to the salvation of men.

You bear down on conscience in such a way that every man in your congregation understands what you mean, and is affected by your discourse; but an old instructed man says: "Well, yes, that was true; but then, it was exaggerated." Of course it was. What does a microscope do but exaggerate? What does any one of our tentative processes do but exaggerate? Exaggeration is often necessary where certain effects are to be produced.

In malarial districts they give men quinine; and if they were to act on the principle that there must be a symmetrical system supported, on the principle that medicine must be administered proportionally, having given a dose of quinine, they would have to give a corresponding dose of something else to balance it. Is that the way the medical practice is carried on? Who cries for symmetry in *medicine*? Symmetry in *health* is what we want.

PREACH ACCORDING TO NECESSITY.

One class of persons in your congregations will require one kind of treatment, and another class will require another kind of treatment; and they should be made to understand that whatever system you employ, or whatever mode of presentation you employ, you employ it with reference to the welfare of the souls of men.

If, for instance, a company of poor, ignorant servant girls, who are perceptive, who are sensuous in their nature, that is, live by things seen and felt; who act according to rules and regulations; who fulfill their duties by hours ticked off on the clock, doing first this thing, then that thing, and then that—if such a company of servant girls should come into your congregation, you must conform your teaching to the state which they are in; only, it must always aim at carrrying them a stage higher. You must go down to them—not to stay with them; not to encourage them to stay where they are; not to treat them as if they could not be carried higher; but to lift them up. You must minister to their want in such a way as to raise them from one elevation to another; and they will take in more truth and more truth, until they become well versed in those things which pertain to their interest as immortal beings.

If you go into a congregation of men who are educated in commerce, you must adapt your preaching to their biases, and use terms with which they are familiar; only, in adapting yourself to their biases you must see to it that you lead them into another and a larger sphere of thought and life. You cannot deal with humble folks (who are humble by nature), you cannot deal with limber-backed, willowy folks, as you can with old, tough, sturdy men. Why, there will be men in your congregations on whose minds storms of truth will fall like dews on an alligator's back, and what are you going to do with such men?

There is a time for preaching damnation. There are moods and states in dealing with which the element of fear is indispensable.

I would not thank anybody to go with a prairie plow and six yoke of oxen into my garden or on to my farm, among my shrubs and trees, and roots and flowers; and yet, if I had a fresh piece of prairie land, wire-bound and rooted a foot deep, nothing but that plow and those oxen would rip through it and turn it bottom-side up.

There are times and circumstances in which the fear element is indispensable, and people seem to think that because at such times and under such circumstances, you ply the dormant senses, and strike through the thick hide with fear, therefore you must always do it.

Men say to a minister, "Ah! I remember what soul-stirring sermons you preached when you were in the country; and do not you remember how you brought in those old sinners? but you have given up preaching such sermons now." Well, if a man was in the same place, and remained in the same state, he ought to be preached to in the same way; but he ought to change, and come to a higher plane of development, and need different preaching.

I hold that the nearer men live to matter, the more sensuous must be the representations which are made to them. In other words, they cannot understand anything which does not approximate to their nature. It is right to bear down upon men with the lower forms of revelation of the divine government when it is necessary, but only when it is necessary. It is not right to carry the blazing torch of hell-fire all the way through your ministrations just out of respect to a doctrine.

The nobler elements of the human soul are those which, when they behold beauty, recognize it; and when they behold right, accept it. If you can bring men up to that state in which they are cultivated morally, and in which they can be made to accept the higher way from the noblest motives, that is the better and the true course. If you cannot do that, fall back and see if you cannot take them on the next lower range. If you fail there, take them on the next lower if you can. Thus keep going down till you find where they can be reached. Your preaching should be such as to arouse men wherever they are. And its character must be determined by what you want to accomplish. Do not pour down rain and hail where smiles would be better. Do not use the double fist when the wave of welcome would be better. Act with intelligence in these respects.

HUMAN NEED, THE PREACHER'S GUIDE.

I find no more incompatibility in the ministries of men, between a belief in a great and terrible future, in darkness, in desperate sorrows, in awful catastrophes, such as it makes the soul quiver to think of—I find no more incompatibility or inconsistency between this belief and a belief in the love of Christ that breathed on Calvary, than I do between the declarations of Sinai and the declarations of Calvary. But this I think: that the ministry which develops any one side of the divine character always and everywhere, whether it be the highest or the lowest side, relatively, without a consideration of its uses, is an imperfect ministry; and that, in delineating the divine nature and the divine government, when you come to administer that which you know, you must stand at the center of the human soul; you must be a man among men; you must weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice; you must know your people so as to be able to meet their want. Sometimes it will be tonic, and sometimes it will be diluent, that they need; sometimes it will be courage and hope, and sometimes it will be an influence which shall counteract presumption and overweening confidence. Go to the inexhaustible armory of God, and bring back and serve out to the people those armaments which shall make the weak strong, and the strong stronger, and by which even the babes shall be nourished into a true Christian manhood.

THE GUEST.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

THOU shalt go alone and sad:
Men will deem thy raptures vain,
And thy products poor and bad,
And thy progress change, not gain.

When thou meet'st another man,
Thou from him and he from thee
Shall be shut as by a ban,
Save in words of courtesy.

Symbols thou shalt deem uncouth
To his creed are dear and fair.
What to thee is trust and truth
Seems to him but empty air.

Thou and he are veiled about
By two webs of time and space,
Spun from films of faith and doubt,
Warped and woofed across each face.

Only on the central ground
Paved by character and deeds
Shall the interchange be found
Spirit touching spirit needs.

If thou strivest much to love
What the multitude delights,
Thy unwilling guest shall prove
Darkener of thy own true lights.

In thy home-spun garb and place,
In the castle of thy thought,
Heed not every stranger face
Peering in, to tell thee naught.

But when flits a spirit nigh,
Howsoever mean his state,
If kindred light illumes his eye,
See that he passes not thy gate.

Him thou shalt house and entertain
Till thou hast made his love thy gain.

Books and Authors.

NEW SERMONS.

Sermons. By the Rev. Henry Norman Hudson. Boston: Ginn Brothers.

Westminster Sermons. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Canon of Westminster, etc. London: Macmillan & Co.

If any theological student, searching for the means of self-improvement in English style, should wish an example of the value of a constant and sympathetic familiarity with the great masters of English poetry, especially of Shakespeare, it would be quite in order to refer him to the first of the books of sermons which we have just mentioned. Mr. Hudson has already won the suffrages of a wide and appreciative literary public by his critical lectures on Shakespeare, as well as by his admirable annotated edition of Shakespeare's works. Indeed his reputation among us as a Shakespearean scholar so far eclipses his reputation as a preacher, that his present appearance in the latter character, though in no degree incompatible with the former, may at first awaken a momentary surprise. We refer to the fact now merely for the purpose of pointing a useful lesson for the benefit of those who may be specially interested in the secrets of a strong, crisp and eloquent English style. Mr. Hudson, we believe, has been for very many years a devoted and laborious minister of the Episcopal Church in this country, but he has found time, amid the toils of his great office, to give sufficient attention to the study of Shakespeare to acquire for himself the reputation of a discerning and even an authoritative critic. And it is the reaction of this communion with Shakespeare upon his own mastery of thought and language that particularly impresses us as our eyes glance along the pages of his new book. He has studied Shakespeare to excellent purpose. The greatest of modern poets has been not merely a liberal education to him, but the fountain of intellectual stimulus and of a copious, racy and picturesque diction. The literary gain which this preacher has drawn from the study of Shakespeare reveals itself in something better than direct quotations from Shakespeare, although these are very abundant, apt and telling. It is to be seen likewise in a certain imaginative vigor in his grasp of an idea, in the vivacity of his thought, and in the unhackneyed and versatile beauty of his phrase. Mr. Hudson wields words like a master of the craft, not like a 'prentice or a bungler.

We have in the book before us twenty-five sermons on the great central themes of doctrine and practice. The topics, however, with which the author has dealt with greatest zest are those which concern the functional and institutional phases of Christianity. Thus, there are here discourses on "The Good Pastor," "Beneficence of the Gospel," "The Incarnation," "Good Friday," "Easter," "Christian Unity," "Christian Patriotism," "The Church," and "The English Reformation."

Among the choicest passages in these Sermons is that in which Mr. Hudson draws a full-length portrait of "The Good Pastor." The picture is too large for the setting which we can find for it; but some few lines of it must be reproduced as an illustration to our readers of the fineness and force of the author's strokes. "The good pastor, of course, did some things that were not approved by all his brethren. Though he made no show of it, he was a man of remarkable strength, clearness, and grasp of intellect. In practical sagacity he was hard to beat. His perception of character was exquisitely keen and just. But that he was the soul of honor, his presence was no safe place for a breast peopled with ugly contents. Instances were not wanting wherein, to his quick and searching apprehensiveness, people spilt the very secrets which they most prided themselves on keeping close. Keenness of insight, however, was with him no bar to charity: for it disclosed to him the good as well as the bad, and let him into the virtue as well as the frailty of men; while at the same time his temper was all compact of kindness, his heart as tender as a mother's, and the sacred memories of the cross were ever breathing in his mind, to keep its waters sweet and pure. With his large and healthy power of thought, he joined the most untiring industry in his office, and the most sensitive delicacy of feeling and conscience. Obstacles and impediments in the way of duty he knew none, would see none. As self-sacrificing in spirit as sagacious in mind, he would never allow himself to be busy, or indisposed, or worn out, or wearied, when there was anything to be done. At all times of the day, at all times of the night, in storm or in calm, in cold, or wet, or dust, or heat, he was ready to spend and be spent, to traverse lanes and alleys and passages, to enter the abodes of poverty, want and wretchedness, wherever there was suffering to be relieved or ministered to, wherever there was need of instruction, comfort, counsel, help, or indeed of anything that lay within his province as a minister or as man. The more of sacrifice and self-denial there was in anything the surer he was to do it, and to keep still about it. His sympathies, too, were always fresh and healthy, and were far too deep and strong to be capable of approaching the style of a sentimental coxcombry, or of

> 'The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe,
> Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched.'

And over all his quiet warmth and depth of feeling, there reigned a stern sense of duty, issuing in a smooth and steady self-possession, and rendering him thoughtful, considerate, and discreet, in whatsoever he did."

The Reverend Charles Kingsley is a man of too much renown, one would say, for his books to need the help of any sensational advertising on his own part; and yet his present journey in America may prove to be an unconscious and very successful exploit in that kind. At all events, his publishers show themselves to be wise in their generation by issuing the ponderous volume of Mr. Kingsley's *Westminster Sermons* just in time to catch the impetus given to it by the favoring breezes of talk about the author which his presence in this country occasions. The book, which is printed in large type, and with the generous and eye-delighting style of the English publishers, is made up of some thirty sermons, all of which, the author takes the trouble to inform us, "were preached either at Westminster Abbey or at one of the Chapels Royal." We trust that plain republican readers will feel a proper awe and gratitude at the privilege of reading words which were originally spoken to royal ears, and under such illustrious surroundings. The sermons are prefaced by a paper read by the author three years ago at Sion College on the doctrine of which all the rest of the book is in some sense a development—that facts, whether of physical nature or of the human heart and reason, "do not contradict, but coincide with the doctrines and formulas of the Church of England, as by law established." The book is an authentic expression of its author, learned, suggestive, versatile, with passages of earnest application, often loose in style, abounding in commonplace and cheap ideas dressed up in new clothes, and with occasional flashes of far-seen truth and of most felicitous expression.

NOTES.

At a meeting of the Medico-Legal Society of New York, about a year ago, Dr. G. M. Beard read a paper of more than common learning and originality on *Legal Responsibility in Old Age*, based on researches into the relation of age to work. This paper is now republished with notes and additions by T. L. Clacher, of East 28th Street.

Lessing's essay of *Laocoon* holds so high and assured a position in modern literature as a classic discussion of important questions in Æsthetics that Miss Ellen Frothingham's scholarly and elegant rendering of it into English will be instantly welcomed as an acceptable service in letters. In this sphere of literary work Miss Frothingham has already proved her expertness by her translation of Lessing's "Nathan"; and the praise which she so abundantly earned by that careful and beautiful effort will be confirmed by every student who shall examine the translation now presented to us. Her theory of her duty as a translator is the just one of making a version which can be easily read by persons ignorant of any language excepting the English; and in the effort to conform to her own rule she has taken great pains to clothe Lessing's ideas in lucid, idiomatic English, and has thrown into footnotes exact translations of all of Lessing's quotations from foreign languages. Her entire task has been achieved with neatness, accuracy, and in a fluent literary manner, and the book is worthily published by Roberts Brothers.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers of *Christian Counsels*, made up of extracts from the devotional works of Fenelon, selected and translated by A. M. James. They relate to all the greater topics of the Christian life.—Dr. E. B. Foote, author of *Medical Common Sense*, has tried to beguile the little folks into the enjoyment of science by putting it into the form of a story. He calls his book *Sammy Tubbs the Boy Doctor, and Sponsie the Troublesome Monkey*, and he contrives to make the narrative a rather amusing vehicle for instruction in anatomy and physiology. It is issued by the Murray Hill Publishing Co.—The venerable William S. Plumer, D.D., has brought together in his *Hints and Helps in Pastoral Theology*, published by Harper & Brothers, the rich fruits of a long life of experience and meditation in the sacred office. Some of his leading topics are "A Call to the Ministry," "Ministerial Education," "A Minister's Difficulties," "The Matter of Preaching," "The Manner of Preaching," etc. Dr. Plumer writes as a devout and very earnest exponent of the most conservative and evangelical school of clergymen.—Nelson & Phillips have published *The Early Years of Christianity*, by E. De Pressensé, D.D., translated from the French by Annie Harwood. This volume, which is the third of a series, deals with "Heresy and Christian Doctrine."—Macmillan & Co. have brought out a new edition of a unique and deeply interesting work first published in English just twenty years ago. It is *Theologia Germanica*, "which setteth forth many fair lineaments of divine truth, and saith very lofty and lovely things touching a perfect life." The work is edited by Dr. Pfeiffer from the only complete manuscript known, and translated from the German by Susanna Wentworth. It contains a preface by Charles Kingsley and a letter to the translator by Chevalier Bunsen.

Nearly forty years ago, Miss E. P. Peabody gave to the public *A Record of Mr. Alcott's School*, containing a description of that idealist's plans in the establishment of the school, together with a journal of proceedings in its actual conduct. The purpose of the book was to diffuse a knowledge of Mr. Alcott's principles and methods particularly in the moral culture of childhood. After the lapse of all these years, the interest excited by Miss Louisa Alcott's delineation of the Plumfield school in *Little Men* has led to the frequent inquiry whether there ever was or could be such a school as that; and the most effectual answer to the question seems to be the resuscitation of the book which described so long ago the veritable school from which Miss Alcott drew her picture of Plumfield. Accordingly Roberts Brothers publish in their usual tasteful and convenient form Miss Peabody's *Record* with a new preface by herself. In this preface, Miss Peabody makes an interesting confession of the growth of her own ideas upon the subject dealt with in the volume; and she declares that while her maturer age indorses her earlier belief in Mr. Alcott's theory that education must be moral, intellectual, and spiritual as well as physical, from the very beginning of life, she has come "to doubt the details of his method of procedure," and to regard Froebel's method of cultivating children through artistic production, in the childish sphere of affection and fancy, as a healthier and more effective way than self-inspection, at least for children under seven. The proposition commends itself to humane feeling as well as to reason.

Mr. Winwood Reade, who is an enthusiastic disciple of Charles Darwin, though he claims also to be an independent one, and who has traveled in Africa as a Darwinian collector of facts, has written a vigorous book bearing the somewhat fantastic title of *The Martyrdom of Man*. Its four chapters are upon the topics of "War," "Religion," "Liberty," and "Intellect." We do not intend to stigmatize it, but we honestly describe its character, by saying that it is a frank, explicit attempt to evolve the doctrine of atheistic materialism from the comparative study of history. That there may be no suspicion of unfairness in this representation of the book, we give the author's own summary of its conclusions in his own words. "The following facts," he says, "result from our investigations. Supernatural Christianity is false. God-worship is idolatry. Prayer is useless. The soul is not immortal. There are no rewards and no punishments in a future state." Nothing could be more unmistakable than this; and it is from this point of view that we can understand the title which the author has given to his book. It closes with this doleful wail, which seems to us to be a conclusive answer to the rayless and infinitely desolate doctrine of which the author is an able and courageous teacher: "I give to universal history a strange but true title—*The Martyrdom of Man*. In each generation the human race has been tortured that their children might profit by their woes. Our own prosperity is founded on the agonies of the past. Is it, therefore, unjust that we also should suffer for the benefit of those who are to come? Famine, pestilence, and war are no longer essential for the advancement of the human race. But a season of mental anguish is at hand and through this we must pass, in order that our posterity may rise. The soul must be sacrificed; the hope in immortality must die. A sweet and charming illusion must be taken from the human race, as youth and beauty vanish never to return." That is the last word of this new gospel of the blackness of despair. If that be true, man is, indeed, born to martyrdom, and his life is a mockery and a farce. Mr. Reade's book is published by Asa K. Butts & Co., New York.

The Rev. James Stirling, the admired and successful minister of the City Road Congregational Church, London, gives himself needless anxiety in supposing that there is any "existing prejudice against whatever wears the form of discourses." Indeed whoever regularly looks over current literature will be tempted to doubt whether there are many forms of it so much in vogue as that which is consituted by collections of sermons. Mr. Stirling himself makes a pleasant addition to this class of publications in giving us fourteen discourses on the Parable of the Talents. He names his book *The Stewardship of Life*. He is a strong thinker, and expresses himself with a robust and manly eloquence; and his sermons here collected have a real relation to each other and develop the central thought of personal responsibility with cumulative power. His book is published by Hodder & Stoughton, London.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The receipt of all books delivered at the Editorial Rooms of this paper will be acknowledged in its earliest subsequent issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Accompanying memoranda of prices are desirable in all cases.]

Authors and Titles.	*Publishers.*	*Price.*
"Down the River." (By an Amateur Duellist.)	E. J. Hale & Son.	1 25
Fish, D.D., Henry C., "Heaven in Song."	Sheldon.	2 50
Gray, James Comper, "The Biblical Museum." Acts to Philemon. 2 vols.	Randolph.	Each. 1 25
Hale, Edward E., "A Summer Vacation. Four Sermons."	Roberts Brothers.	
Lessing, G. E., (Ellen Frothingham, translator), "Laocoon."	Roberts Brothers.	
Newby, Mrs. C. J., "Common Sense."	Peterson.	2 50
Parker, John A., "A Quadrature of the Circle."	J. Wiley & Son.	
Peabody, Miss E. P., "Record of a School."	Roberts Brothers.	
Penny, Miss L., "The National Temperance Orator."	Nat. Temp. Society.	1 00
Reade, W., "The Martyrdom of Man."	Asa K. Butts, New York.	
"Sex and Education—A Reply to Dr. Clarke."	Roberts Bros.	2 00
Taine, H. A., "A Tour through the Pyrenees."	Henry Holt & Co.	
"Thorpe Regis." (Author of "Unawares.")	Roberts Brothers.	
Townsend, Mary Ashley, "The Captain's Story."	Lippincott.	
Upham, Chas. W., "Life of Timothy Pickering." (Vols. 2, 3, and 4.)	Little, Brown & Co.	1 25
Weir, Marion Hiles, "Rockbourne."	Robert Carter & Bros.	
Welles, Gideon, "Lincoln and Seward."	Sheldon.	

We have also received current numbers of the following publications.

The Medical Record—*The American Agriculturist*—New York. *The Unitarian Review*—Boston. *The American Naturalist*—Salem. *American Journal of Science and Arts*—New Haven.

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OFFICE OF THE

Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company,

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29TH, 1874.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1873:

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1873, to 31st December, 1873.....	$6,511,114 22
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1873.....	2,212,159 70
Total amount of Marine Premiums.....	$8,723,274 92
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks; nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked Off from 1st January, 1873, to 31st December, 1873.....	$6,290,016 73
Losses paid during the same period.....	$2,900,833 49
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$1,233,319 26

The Company has the following assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank and other Stocks....	$8,567,105 00
Loans secured by Stocks, and otherwise	2,802,000 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages..	407,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at.....	422,804 66
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable...	2,883,302 27
Cash in Bank.....	531,340 59
Total Amount of Assets.....	$15,613,642 52

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Third of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1870, will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Third of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled. Upon certificates which were issued for gold premiums, the payment of interest will be in gold.

A dividend of Forty Per Cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1873, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of April next.

By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, *Secretary.*

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The Christian Union

NEW YORK, MARCH 18, 1874.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, Editor.

CHARLES SUMNER.

IT is not too much to say that in the death of Charles Sumner the Nation has lost a statesman of a type in which he had no peer. It was not his wide and various learning, his great intellectual force, or his commanding eloquence, but the high moral qualities by which all his other gifts and acquirements were crowned, that distinguished him above his contemporaries, and gave him his place among the greatest men alike of ancient and modern times. Like Moses, he seems to have been raised up by Providence to lead his Nation out of the "house of bondage" into the "promised land" of freedom. As Paul led, instructed, and inspired the early Christian church in its struggle with "principalities and powers," so did Mr. Sumner lead, instruct, and inspire the friends of freedom in the struggle by which they vanquished the Slave Power and "proclaimed liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." As we look over the history of the past twenty-five years, we see his giant form towering above all others, and always in the van of the conflict; we hear his voice, like the voice of a trumpet, summoning the hosts to battle, and announcing at once the principles and the measures by which alone victory could be made certain. Not once did he falter, not once was he diverted from his purpose, not once did he fail to speak the word for the hour. He was a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night to the oppressed and struggling millions of the land, and to those who sought their deliverance from bondage, and his grave will be moistened by the tears of millions of his grateful countrymen. The Negro race will deplore the loss of their mightiest and faithfulest champion, and all the friends of Justice and Equality will lament the death of a leader whose flaming torch was carried high above all obscuring vapors, leading them ever in the sure path of victory.

The deceased statesman was the descendant of an honorable ancestry, and bore a name distinguished in the annals of the old Bay State. Born in Boston, his opportunities for education were the best that the Commonwealth furnished. As a scholar he was diligent and persevering, never slighting his tasks, but pushing his inquiries to the very sources of knowledge, and appropriating eagerly the purest intellectual and moral nutriment. For all that was noble and exalted in human character he had an early and life-long passion, and his heroes were the men who, in all ages, had shown the purest devotion to humanity and truth. At the Law School in Cambridge he was honored by the warm friendship of Judge Story, who recognized his high character and predicted his future eminence. When, in 1837, he went abroad, he carried letters from that eminent jurist, which introduced him at once to the most distinguished men of Europe. In listening to the debates of the British Parliament and the French Chamber of Deputies he learned much that was of value to him when he was afterwards called to take a prominent part in the proceedings of the American Senate. He profited also by his acquaintance with the most eminent literary men in Europe, and by his opportunities for the study of history and art.

Returning to America in 1840, he found himself the most honored and popular young man in his native city, where no social gathering was thought quite perfect in which his fine personal presence, graceful manners, and ripe culture were not conspicuous. He was indeed Boston's favorite son, and a brilliant future was predicted for him. The prediction was fulfilled, but only through a bitter conflict with the men who then ruled Boston and Massachusetts, and who looked to him to tread humbly in their footsteps and "take the law from their mouths." But his standard of manhood and statesmanship was above that of the men who ruled the Massachusetts of that day, and his pure mind revolted at the unworthy expedients by which it was sought to stifle the voice of Freedom then crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." He recognized and welcomed that voice at a very early day. He subscribed for the *The Liberator*, and his heart responded to the call of its brave editor for immediate emancipation. More than once have we heard him speak of the inspiration and help which at that early day he derived from Mr. Garrison's paper, and which perhaps determined his subsequent career.

On the Fourth of July, 1844, Mr. Sumner pronounced before the municipal authorities of Boston an oration which cost him the friendship, in many instances personal as well as political, of the leaders of the Whig party, at the head of whom stood Daniel Webster and Abbott Lawrence. The title of the oration was, "The True Grandeur of Nations," and in it Mr. Sumner declared: "In our age there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable." He inveighed against the then impending war with Mexico, which had for its object the extension and perpetuity of slavery, and thus he gave mortal offence to those partizans whose only political science consisted of expedients to smother the rising anti-slavery sentiment of the North. From that hour Mr. Sumner was branded with the hated name of Abolitionist; the doors of many Boston houses were closed against him, and he was cut in the streets by some of his old associates, while others extended to him only the most formal courtesy. The contest with slavery grew fiercer and hotter, until, a few years later, Daniel Webster, who had long dallied with the tempter, but for whose final recovery the anti-slavery North had not ceased to hope and pray, made his fatal plunge into the chasm which designing politicians had opened for him, tempting him with the delusive bait of the Presidency. His Seventh of March speech in support of the infamous Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 was followed by the resignation of his seat in the Senate, and his accession to the Cabinet of Millard Fillmore. Then came a great struggle in Massachusetts between the friends of Webster, who wanted to put Robert C. Winthrop in his vacant place in the Senate, and the anti-slavery men, who rallied around Wilson and Sumner, and finally succeeded in electing the latter to the place which he held to the day of his death, and in which he rendered such service to his country as will never be forgotten.

Mr. Sumner took his seat in the Senate under circumstances very trying to his sensibilities and his courage. The Slave Power was in supreme control of every department of the Government, and the great body of representatives in Congress from the Free States, of both parties, openly or under some unworthy disguise, were subservient to its behest. The compromises of 1850, which were designed to put an end, at once and forever, to all discussion of the slavery question, had just been enacted, and their authors, madly believing that their scheme would prove successful, presented everywhere an arrogant and proscriptive front. Mr. Sumner and his gallant associates were ostracised as representing "no healthy political organization." Well and truly did John P. Hale affirm that it required far less courage to face the cannon's mouth in the hottest battle than to brave the hostility of the Slave Power in Congress in those days. But Mr. Sumner never wavered for a moment, and his arrogant opponents soon found that they had to confront a statesman with no sign of the "doughface" in his composition, and one who understood the Constitution perfectly, in letter and spirit, and who could tear off the disguises by which they sought to cover their treachery to its fundamental principles. We have not space to review his labors in the Senate either before, during, or since the Rebellion. It is enough to say that his name stands identified with every legislative measure connected in any way with resistance to the schemes of the Slave Power, and that his speeches probably did more than those of any other public man to arouse and inform the public opinion, in obedience to which the slaves were at last set free. These speeches, we venture to predict, will hold a higher and more permanent place in political literature than those of any other American statesman. They are entitled to this preëminence, not so much on account of the learning and eloquence which they display, as for the high moral principles which they bring to the solution of questions vital to every age and time. Questions of human freedom can never grow stale, and Mr. Sumner's addresses will always possess a charm for those who seek the purification, growth, and permanence of Republican institutions.

Mr. Sumner was nominated and elected to the Senate by no act or agency of his own. He would have deemed it an unpardonable indecorum, incompatible with his own self-respect and the dignity of the Senatorial office, to solicit such an appointment for himself. At the very moment when his election hung doubtful in the balance, he refused to make any effort in his own behalf, and declined every solicitation to make, or allow others to make for him, any pledges as to the course he would pursue as a Senator. And throughout his whole public career his action was equally high-toned. The *World*, ever his political antagonist, bears testimony to this truth:

"There is one part of Mr. Sumner's character which deserves unqualified praise. He was as far removed as any man in our political history from the suspicion of mercenary motives. He never made merchandise of his political position. He never derived any pecuniary benefit from his connection with public life beyond his salary as Senator. In this sense no statesman was ever more thoroughly upright and high-minded; and we cannot doubt that he deserves the fullest praise for that other form of political honesty which consists in never swerving from real convictions."

As Mr. Sumner, at the outset of his public career, had the courage to break away from the party with which he had been honorably identified, and which held out to him the most brilliant prospects of promotion, so, in the later years of his life, he dared to dissent from and rebuke what he deemed the mistakes of the party of which he had long been an honored leader. In 1846, writing to Robert C. Winthrop, he uttered these memorable words, which are a key to his whole political life: "Aloft, on the throne of God, and not below, in the foot-prints of a trampling multitude, are the sacred rules of Right, which no majorities can displace or overturn." It is not creditable to American politics that such a man should be proscribed.

"Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,
The compact nucleus round which systems grow;
Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith,
And whirls impregnate with the central glow."

And yet, in spite of all his noble qualities, Mr. Sumner had some conspicuous faults. He was at times imperious and arrogant, oblivious of the merits and claims of others, and unwilling to make concessions in little things for the sake of greater ones. But these are blemishes which his countrymen will be swift to forget when they call to mind his peerless labors in the cause of freedom and humanity. Now that he is dead, his faults will no longer operate as limitations upon his influence, and the power emanating from his noble life will be even greater in the future than in the past.

Mr. Sumner inherited a constitution of great vigor, and, but for the brutal assault of Preston Brooks, would probably have lived to a great age. It is a pity that such a life was thus cut short; but he lived long enough to make his name forever illustrious in his country's annals, and to leave behind him an example the power of which will be felt for generations to come. That such a man should die without the soothing ministrations of either wife, sister, or daughter, or even a single relative of either sex, seems sad indeed. We cannot help thinking it a great misfortune to himself, and to some extent to the public as well, that he missed the softening, purifying influences of domestic life and the experiences derived from the training of noble sons and daughters.

GOD'S PERSONAL REVELATION.

WE are accustomed to speak of the historical disclosure of God to the Jewish people, crowned by the life and death of Christ and the teachings of the Apostles, as the Divine revelation to mankind. And it is so, in the sense that the record of these facts affords an inestimable foundation and assistance to all our knowledge and feeling about God.

But, it is also true that to every child of God he makes a special, personal revelation of himself. The whole meaning of our life from first to last lies in this, that it is the process by which God discloses himself to us individually. If the history of any man were truly written, from the Divine standpoint, it would be a little Bible—a record of the dealings of God's love with a single soul, as our common Bible records his dealings with a race.

Every human being has a life of his own, a life that is partly hidden from his nearest and dearest friend, and is a total secret to the world at large. And what a wonderful history it would make! Nothing that was ever written or ever will be written is half so wonderful as what really happens to countless multitudes of men. The joy that every mother feels—no poet, no painter, not Raphael himself, can express it so that any but a mother shall know what it is. The sorrows that come to every tender heart are deeper than any written tragedy has told. And no two persons have the same experi-

ences. There are in every life deep places, scenes of trial, of temptation, of triumph, of intense and varied feeling, that are utterly unknown to any other human being. And if we take any life as a whole, the record of its changing course, the myriad circumstances by which it was moulded, the alternations of sunshine and shadow, would make a story wholly unlike any other.

Every scene in that story is a chapter in God's gradual disclosure of himself to that person. At the time, we seldom know what each chapter means. Sometimes it seems to mean a denial of God. Sometimes we think we read in it that he has forsaken us. But the time is coming when we shall look back over the whole story and see that every line in it was a record of God's love, and that nothing but just that thing at that time could have answered for us. Then we shall know even as also we are known.

The history of God's dealings with his people in past ages wears a very different look to us now from what it wore while the scene was still unrolling. When Moses fled into exile and buried his genius and faith and aspirations in the shepherd-life of the desert,—it must have looked to him sometimes as if there were no God and life had no meaning. Now we see that the solitude and the waiting were building him up in strength of long-suffering patience, by which he was to deliver his people. When the Israelites recoiled from the sea to find the chariots of Pharaoh closing in on their rear, they little knew that a glorious example of God's delivering mercy lay before them, which should stand through the ages as a token of hope to oppressed peoples. And so, when the kingdom of God that had seemed descending upon earth disappeared in utter night, and Christ lay buried in the tomb, how little the disciples knew what joy of sunrise hung just below the horizon—how little they knew that their sorrow was the brief birth-pang of immortal life to all mankind!

A little while, and all our earthly experiences will in the same way take on a new meaning to us. We shall see that the thunder-storms that now appall us were the Sinai from which God revealed himself that he might become the Sovereign of the soul. We shall know that the trials that were as Calvary became to us the most sacred ministers of God's love. We have, now, our sepulchers in the garden, where our human loves lie buried. Blessed be God, they shall rise from the sepulcher, transfigured, immortal, divine.

The Psalmist often repeats "My God"—"*my* God." And that is for every one to say. God comes to every soul in special ways, and each has in some sense a Gospel of its own. The measure of our individual selves—of our own peculiar want, or sorrow, or out-reaching—is the measure of what God will be to us.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." That word of Christ stands as a perpetual assurance to us. We do not need to know what God is doing. It is better that we should not know, for so we may give him the tribute of love that trusts when it cannot see. "Because thou hast seen me, Thomas," said Christ, "thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." We need not seek too eagerly the uplifting of the soul into ecstatic vision. Let that come if God wills. The blessed thing is to walk in Christ's footsteps, whether we see him or not. The whole sphere of circumstances about us is set by our Father for our good; our part is to obey the voice within us, to do our daily duty, to love, and to wait God's time.

NATIONAL ART.

MR. COX, of New York, deserves well of his countrymen for his proposition of an Art Council. His joint resolution, lately introduced into Congress, provides that this council, composed of such men as Durand, Gifford, Eastman Johnson, and H. K. Browne, shall examine all works of art offered to the acceptance of the Library Committee, and shall possess the power of veto. That the place of councillor may not become one of corrupt competition, neither pay nor emoluments attach to it. Mr. Durand is the translator of *Taine*, and one of the best of our art critics. Gifford and Johnson need no certificate of competence or character. And though Mr. Browne's *Lincoln* must be remembered against him, he has proved by his *Washington* that his mistakes are the misdirection of power and knowledge, and not the limp deflection of weak ignorance.

At present, the Library Committee of Congress is the jury which passes on the sculpture or painting intended for the decoration of the Capitol. Spunky Point, Confederate Cross-Roads, or the Everglades, are as likely to be represented therein as the finest culture of Boston, Philadelphia, or Charleston. The chance is that Elijah Pogram and Jefferson Brick will be influential members, as well as Mr. Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown. These gentlemen will not so insult their country or their constituency as to admit that art has a possible significance which "the Child of Nature and the Child of Freedom, whose answer to the Tyrant and the Despot is that his bright home is in the Setting Sun," cannot fathom at a glance. The painter who gives them good dinners and brings his beautiful wife to Washington to dazzle them with her toilets and charm them with her smiles; the sculptor who tangles their judgment in the meshes of her floating hair and molds their prejudices with a nice dexterity that would make her fortune could she transfer it to the unresponsive clay; the persistent trumpeter of his own merits, who has cajoled or worried or bored half the prominent men of the country into an endorsement of the excellence of his Grand Historical Tableau; these are the gentry who find favor in the eyes of Brick, Pogram and Bounderby.

The other members of the Library Committee are mild-mannered men, too busy, or too careless, or too unwilling to disoblige a colleague who has set his heart on a certain purchase, or too conscious of their own ignorance of art to exercise their right of private judgment and public veto. The result of this system of selection is seen in that melancholy museum of inartistic curiosities already assembled at Washington, which is calculated, like Hamlet's play, to make mad the guilty and appall the free, and in which, by reason of its having been bought with the public money, every one of us has his penny's worth, more or less, of humiliation.

That this statement of the incompetence, or indifference, or spread-eagle conceit of the committee is not unfair is proved by the fact that when Mr. Sumner, a few years ago, ventured to protest in tempered speech against the purchase of a stone caricature of our beloved Lincoln, saying that the nation was bound to give its commissions only to sculptors and painters of distinguished merit and fame; this sentiment was repudiated as monarchical and unworthy a free people, while a storm of epithets beat upon the great Senator's head, of which "infidel" and "aristocrat" were among the least offensive. And lest there should lurk any suspicion in the public mind that the Library Committee or the Senate was also infidel or aristocratic, the obnoxious commission was at once issued to the incompetent sculptor.

It is easy to laugh at this matter, but it has a serious side. Every civilized nation save ours has a noble art, free as air to every comer. It takes form in the stately cathedrals, the abbeys, the churches, to live near which is an education. It is seen in the superb architecture of many public buildings, palaces, and bridges. It appears in the statues, columns, and fountains of court towns. It crowds the galleries of the capitals in pictures and sculpture, the careful treasure of all modern time. Because we have no such great school, no such worthy standards of comparison, it behooves us to be the more careful not to mistake the mean for the high.

Washington is the only city in the land which seems to belong equally to all citizens. It is the place where our representative art ought to be permanently seen. And we *have* a representative art. Ward, and Thompson, and Browne, Millmore, Ball, Story, Greenough, Miss Hosmer, and Miss Stebbins, and half-a-dozen more, have vindicated their claim to the great name of artist. The list of worthy painters is too long to be written here. But these are they who need not scheme and intrigue, lobby and buttonhole, to get a commission from Congress. Orders come to them unsolicited. And if they did not, yet would these honest workers paint and carve in a garret, and live on a crust, rather than soil their art with base bargaining.

It is that this class of artists may be tempted to decorate the Capitol, that we need such an Art Council as Mr. Cox proposes. There ought not to be any competition in designs, or underbidding in prices. A work of art is complete in itself, if it be of art and not of artifice. It cannot be compared with any other, to its advantage or disadvantage. As to price, it is well enough known what is the range that each great artist commands. It must not be forgotten that a picture or a statue represents months or years of absolute labor, and all the years of culture and study which have gone to make up the sum of the maker's skill. If it were known that an intelligent and incorruptible council controlled the matter of the adornment of the Capitol, these men could, without loss of self-respect, address themselves to it, saying, "I should like to fill a panel or a niche in Washington. My subject is so-and-so, and my price is so-and-so. I could complete the work within so many months. Shall I begin?"

Senators and Representatives vanish, for the tenure of office is, happily, brief. But art is long. There are bronzes in Rome, to-day, that looked on, doubtless, at the downfall of Tarquin the Proud. Marbles outlast all tradition of the hand that chiseled them, and generation after generation fades into indistinguishable dust, before the colors of the picture on the wall grow pale. We cannot consider too curiously, therefore, what measure of our artistic culture we will bequeath to posterity. It strikes us, indeed, that there could not be a more fitting celebration of our Centennial than a grand bonfire in front of the Capitol, wherein such sins of our gross youth as Powell's *De Soto*, and Miss Ream's *Lincoln*, and a score of like enormities might be burnt and purged away. But we do not insist on this rite of expiation, which might be objected to by thrifty souls, but shall be quite content, as good citizens and conscientious journalists, if Mr. Cox's committee, or some other, shall insure our splendid Capitol against like profanation in the future, while permitting these monuments of an evil past to remain, in the character of "the awful example."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

—The death of Miss Abby L. Merriam, daughter of George Merriam, of Springfield, Mass., which has been briefly and not altogether correctly mentioned in the newspapers, took place under these circumstances: For more than four months she had been suffering from acute physical disease, having its seat in the brain, and causing almost entire interruption of sleep and digestion for days and even weeks together. The effect of this appeared inevitably in intense mental depression, which finally took the form of religious despondency. From childhood, her sweet disposition had developed naturally into a steady, happy Christian character, in which a sympathetic and helpful spirit toward those about her blended with childlike trust in her Lord. It was the wearing, goading pressure of bodily disease in its most intolerable form that darkened her hope and her existence. She had been for some weeks under the medical care of Dr. George H. Taylor of New York, and the marked improvement in her condition while under his treatment had produced in her friends strong hopes of her speedy recovery. But in a momentary eclipse of reason—apparently under the sudden impulse of some night-terror, and whether waking or sleeping cannot be known—she rushed to instant death. Sensitive conscience, pure will, and tender heart could not lift her above the cloud that overshadowed her; and it was a messenger of mercy that called her by swift and painless transition into the sunlight of her Father's face.

—Mr. Horatio C. King, who was formerly at the head of the Agency Department of the *Christian Union*, has become the publisher of the *Christian at Work*—a position for which he has the highest qualifications, and in which we wish him abundant success.

—The *Presbyterian* (Philadelphia) has taken the form adopted a good while ago by the *Christian Union*, and, being printed on new type, presents a very handsome appearance. It is an able and earnest champion of the cause represented by its name, and we wish it a hearty God-speed.

—In the appeal for the poor which we recently made we did not intend to suggest that contributions should be made through us; but a number have been sent to us, which we have transmitted to the societies named in our article. These contributions have generally been accompanied by expressions of sympathy, which we would gladly copy if our space permitted, and we observe with especial pleasure that many of them are sent by persons comparatively poor. Besides the sums acknowledged last week, we have received and remitted as follows: To the Children's Aid Society (19 East Fourth street)—From G. F. J., $10; "Girard, Ill.," $7; Mrs. C. D., $5; Mrs. D. R. B., $5; R. C., $1. To the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor (59 Bible House)—Mrs. B. B., $10; G. A. R., $10; M. N. C., $2; "Daughter of U. S.," $1; "Charity," 50 cts.

—Rev. Edward E. Hale is about to publish a book on *Workingmen's Homes*, including the series of articles written for this paper on "Co-operative Homes." The subject is one of great practical interest, and Mr. Hale is peculiarly qualified to discuss it.

—It seems probable now that the Legislature will establish an "Adirondack Park," embracing all

the lands owned by the State in the Counties of Essex, Franklin, Lewis, St. Lawrence and Warren, and certain other lands to be purchased for the purpose. The Commissioners named in the bill, which is likely to pass, are Horatio Seymour, Robert B. Roosevelt, George Dawson, and Verplanck Colvin. This is a scheme of which the advantages will be reaped by future generations.

—A lady correspondent of the *Woman's Journal* wants to know what the women who spend their days in visiting the grog-shops have done with "That Baby." The baby referred to is the one which, according to the enemies of woman suffrage, was sure to be left uncared for if women were allowed to go to the polls and vote. The men, certainly, have not taken care of it, for they are praying in the churches while their wives are praying in the saloons. The indifference of the anti-woman suffrage newspapers, religious and political, to "That Baby," with no mother to look after its wants, is amazing! Will they not speak out?

—The Executive Committee of the Evangelical Alliance has undertaken to collect a memorial fund for the relief of the family of the Rev. Emile F. Cook at Paris, who fell a victim to his devotion to the Rev. Mr. Weiss, who, like himself, was wrecked in the *Ville du Havre*. His health was completely broken down, and he died on the 29th of January, leaving a wife and seven children. It is proposed to raise the sum of $5000. Contributions should be sent to Caleb T. Rowe, Esq., Treasurer, Bible House, New York City.

—Connecticut has met with a serious loss in the death of Dr. E. W. Hatch, of Meriden, Superintendent of the State Reform School. It will be no easy matter to fill the vacancy thus created.

INQUIRING FRIENDS.

1. *Is saving faith a mere act of the mind, as a belief in the existence of such a place as Calcutta or Yeddo is; or does the Holy Spirit lead us to exercise faith unto salvation?*

FAITH is in its most general sense the act of accepting evidence with its concurrent conviction. In the New Testament it is generally defined to be the act of accepting evidence respecting truths higher than those revealed by the senses—"Faith is the evidence of things not seen." (Hebrews xi., 1.) Under this genus will come specific kinds of faith—faith in historical events long past; faith in future events; faith in the reality and operation of moral principle; faith in the disposition and character of particular persons; faith in truths which arouse fear, hope, love, hatred, etc. A saving faith in Christ is such a belief in Jesus Christ as inspires love, trust, and obedience. The Scripture recognizes it as an act, but more emphatically as a disposition. It springs from the natural action of the human mind stimulated and guided by the Holy Spirit of God. The human soul cannot develop its higher moral activities except in the atmosphere of the Divine Soul.

2. *Is it wicked to dance?*

It is wicked when it *is* wicked, and not wicked when it is not wicked. In itself it has no more moral character than walking, wrestling, or rowing. Bad company, untimely hours, evil dances may make the exercise evil; good company, wholesome hours, and home influences may make it a very great benefit.

3. *Is the institution of the Sabbath founded on any law which has its foundation in the natural wants of man? Is it essential as to what day of the week is kept as the Sabbath?*

Men never needed a day of rest more than in the present age of over-work. The Sabbath seems to us one of the most beneficent institutions in existence. The only reason for keeping one day rather than another is the necessity for agreement on the part of the whole community on one day.

4. *In Rom. vii. 14-24, where Paul says, "I am carnal, sold under sin, and the good that I would that I do not, &c.," does he refer to the regenerate or unregenerate state of man?*

Paul, in the seventh and eighth of Romans, is drawing a contrast between legal morality and Christian service of God. He who tries to obey without any principle of Christian love in his heart finds the law applied from without in constant war with the weakness and waywardness of his own lower nature. It is only when God's love and a hearty devotion to him quickens the higher nature and gives it the victory, that the man is made free from the law of sin and death.

5. *Ought I to read every portion of the Bible with my family?*

No. Not every portion of the Bible is suited to family reading.

6. *I have a class in a Mission Sunday-school. Several of them attend a church school, where they are taught the International Series of Lessons. What lessons can we take up in the Mission School?*

It seems to us a chief defect of the International Lessons that they nowhere teach the life of Christ in order. Arrange a course for yourself of the incidents and discourses of Christ; or take one of the old arrangements in vogue before the International Series came into use, and teach that to your Mission boys. While it is always hard to exact of children an attendance at more than one session of Sunday-school in a day, it is an excellent thing for boys to go to two Sunday-schools if they enjoy it.

7. *Have we any reason to expect that our prayers will be answered if the glory of God is not their chief object? If I understand Barnes, he says that our principal reason for asking should be that God's glory may be manifested in giving. If that is the only acceptable prayer, how can a sinner pray?*

Now what sort of a God is that for a man to worship—one who, sitting supreme in the universe, refuses to hear the cry of his burdened creatures until they are able to prefer his glory and make that the chief object of their prayer? When Peter cried, "Lord, save me!" he was not thinking of Christ's glory, but of his own life; when the dying thief prayed, it was his own need that oppressed him. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." What father would refuse to give bread to a child until the child could say that his principal object in asking was that the father might manifest his goodness in giving? How long will men's unbelief and system-building slander God?

8. "Ecclesiasticus" is informed that the agitation concerning the taxation of ecclesiastical property originated in the discussions upon the grants made to sectarian institutions in New York. If the state had no right to sustain such institutions by donations, there was no reason why the large amount of wealth vested in such institutions should have the taxes upon it remitted." At least so those who favor taxation have reasoned. Doubtless the immense political and commercial power of rich religious corporations in New York has had something to do with the discussion. Our correspondent is informed that in most of the States school and college property is exempted.

9. *Is there a work on "psychomancy"? What is your opinion of the science as regards teaching a mental process whereby one can gain the "love and affections of the opposite sex," as claimed by the advertisers of cheap works on the subject?*

Our opinion of the advertisers of all such works is that they understand enough of their own science to be able to operate on the minds of greenhorns of either sex with sufficient power to draw a good deal of money out of the pockets of fools into the pockets of knaves. A man or woman who desires to secure the "love and affections" of the opposite sex by any other art than that of deserving them is fit subject for such humbugs.

10. A boy wishes to know whether it is wrong to play cards at home, or away from home in a "respectable crowd," any more than it is to play other games, such as "Authors," etc. There is a difference between a thing's being wrong and its being inexpedient. We cannot say that there is any reason why cards with the old devices on them should be worse than the game of "Authors"; hence we have no right to censure those who choose to play cards at home or "in a respectable crowd." Nevertheless, we should prefer that "a boy" away from home should let alone a game that slides so easily, under some circumstances, into the fascinations of gambling.

11. OTHER QUERIES.—1. We know of no hand-book "with instructions as to all the details of literary life." Literary life is not taught by manuals, but learned by reading and practice, nor learned at all except the *gift* be inherent. 2. "Cf.," as an abbreviation, stands for the Latin word *confer*, which means "compare." 3. "Either" and "neither" are pronounced *ee-ther* and *nee-ther;* at least there is an immense preponderance of good usage in this country in favor of this pronunciation, which is also the predominant one in England. "I-ther" and "ni-ther" are so rare in America as to be conspicuous, and a man of good taste will avoid a conspicuous pronunciation as he would an overwrought diction or a flashy neck-tie. 4. "Yo-Semite" is generally pronounced as though spelled *Yo-Sem-it-y.* "Aldine" is pronounced *All-deen.* 5. We don't know how many children General Grant has, or whether Miss Nellie is the only daughter, or whether she is engaged to be married, or what his name is, or when it is to take place.

SATISFIED LONGINGS.

BY MRS. S. M. WALSH.

SHE longed for spring, for buds of fragrant breath,
And soft green verdure mantling hill and plain,
When earth, upspringing from the trance of death,
Should waft her incense heavenward again.

She longed for spring when, trilling through the air,
The exiled songsters' notes again should rise,
And songs triumphant, fervent as a prayer,
Float to the kindly, over-arching skies.

. . . . . .

She longed for spring till, grown of waiting weary,
She closed her patient eyes in trusting rest;
The wintry earth still wore its aspect dreary,
But no more longing stirred her quiet breast.

For spring had come! so radiant and so peerless,
Beyond her wildest thought so fair and bright,
That her enraptured eyes, now strong and tearless,
Could scarce sustain the glorious, 'wildering sight!
The winter still is ours; but through Death's mystic portal
Her soul has passed to bliss and spring immortal!

The Sunday-School.

What is to be done with a class of restless boys who are so far totally depraved as to be twitching each other's hair or disputing over some day-school frolic while the teacher is looking up a passage in the Bible or making out the report for the day? There is hardly a school but that rejoices in some such exuberant collection of budding youths. Everybody recognizes their overflowing spirits and honesty, but somehow they do behave themselves so in Sunday-school. The passage of the Israelites across the Red Sea may interest them, but no other passages that are supposed to have a practical lesson. Well, what *is* to be done with them? There ought to be a prize essay on the subject for the benefit of teachers. There is certainly some way of moulding these bouncing urchins, whether it is done by letting them have their own way and finding out how it works, or entering into their thoughts and becoming one of them, discussing what is "fair and square" in their treatment of each other in every-day life, or striving to impress upon them the claims of the gospel teaching in matters affecting their own interests. This class of boys needs to be thoroughly understood by teachers; everybody cannot manage them, and it is one of the problems of the schools to find out the best hands in which to put them. They cannot be got rid of and must not be constantly scolded—they may be fine material in a rough setting.

Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod, of Scotland, once offered a few hints to the members of his church on Sabbath-school matters which perhaps are as pertinent now as they were thirty years ago. To parents he said: When you wish your child to attend a Sabbath-school, go with the child to the school; see the state of the class in which, and speak to the teacher under whom, you wish your child to be a pupil. Be satisfied with their suitableness. See that your children learn accurately the prescribed lessons, and examine them at home upon what they have been taught in the school. Give a kind welcome and speak cheering words to the teachers when they call upon you. Theirs is a labor of love for *your* children's good. Remember that you are responsible to God for the religious up-bringing of your children. You dare not roll this over on another. Never, therefore, neglect their home-teaching. Stir yourself up to become efficient Sabbath-school teachers of your own family. The Sabbath-school when *best* taught, can only be a help to good home instruction; and it can never, in any case, fully make up for total neglect.

In the way of getting up an interesting occasion the Sunday-school Union of Brooklyn comes in for a model notice. Finding that two successive churches would not accommodate all that came to the monthly meetings, they took Plymouth Church for their March gathering, and filled it to overflowing. The special attraction of the last occasion was the address of the Rev. Mr. Porteous, of England, whom Mr. Baker, President of the Union, introduced as the representative from the London Union, which numbers ninety-three thousand teachers and eight hundred thousand scholars. He outlined the golden text for the next Sunday's lesson, "Bread from Heaven." These Unions, with their singing and addresses, help to keep up a general undenominational interest in and enthusiasm for the Sunday-school; and the scores of other places which have no Unions are recommended to organize them, if they wish to freshen up the cause among their congregations.

Who has not heard of Nuremberg, that quaint old Bavarian city, whence come so many of the toys which are the delight of children? asks the London *Sunday-School Teacher.* If there are any who have not, perhaps an incident which has just occurred there will fix it in their minds—an incident which will sound strange enough to American ears. In starting the first Sunday-school in the place, two Reformed Church pastors suddenly found themselves arrested and condemned to pay a fine, or go to prison for a week on a mere kink in the laws regulating schools in general. They appealed to a higher court where they were honorably acquitted in the presence of a crowded auditory. This is looked upon as quite a victory for religious freedom, and the beginning of a more wide-spread interest in the Sunday-school cause in Germany. As there are many in this country who fail to appreciate the same cause here, possibly the arrest of a superintendent or two after the Nuremberg fashion might break up some of the prevailing apathy.

One thing is apt to be forgotten by both teachers and scholars under what may be called the new order of things established by the International Lessons. There is without doubt a new zeal awakened in the study of the Scriptures, but all the greater care is necessary to prevent the schools from becoming merely institutions of religious knowledge. Their principal aim is doubtless to ground the young mind in the facts and truths of the Bible, but this is by no means all. If it is a teacher's ambition to have a class learn all it can, the risk is run of reducing it to the position of a class in a day-school. This is to be avoided. A teacher's duty is not merely to communicate knowledge, but to develop character. On this point the Church of Scotland through its Assembly Committee has recently expressed itself very appropriately. Addressing the teachers, it says: "Be satisfied with a smaller measure of proficiency if you succeed in awakening good and kindly feelings, and instilling right principles among your scholars. Not that we would have you aim at storing the memory less but at cultivating affection more. To communicate knowledge of the truth is comparatively easy—to awaken the love of it is hard."

Inquiries are made respecting the use of the blackboard with drawings for infant classes. Does the experiment meet with success, and how is the exercise best conducted? Are the figures or designs drawn in the presence of the class, and what is the effect? This is a new field for object lessons, and some definite information in the matter would be acceptable to very many.

The Sunday-school superintendents of this city will meet on Tuesday afternoons, at 4 P.M., at the old Fulton Street church, to study the next Sunday's lesson. This is a capital arrangement, for which we are indebted to the New York Association of Sunday-school teachers. It is an example that might well be followed in other cities.

THE PROPOSED CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL.

A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.

THE gathering of a great Congregational council, from every part of our land, and the effort thus to obtain a National decision, would seem to indicate a great crisis, involving fundamental questions. Certainly, an important practical question is up.

What is it? The question is as to censuring a great church, and putting it out of fellowship. This church is the largest in the denomination, and is not exceeded as a laborious, benevolent, and liberal church in all philanthropic and Christian enterprises.

What, then, is the issue that leads to such an assault on such a church?

It has been repeatedly stated, that the question is, whether or not a church can drop a member against whom charges have been made. This is not the question. The right to do this is not claimed, and never has been by Plymouth Church.

The real issue is simply this: Was the person, whose name was dropped, a member? The accusing churches assert that he was. Plymouth Church asserts that he was not, and that on this ground his name was dropped.

What are the facts? The person in question declared that he was not a member of the church, and had left it nearly four years previous to the preferring of the charges. Plymouth Church accepts as a fact this statement, strikes his name from the roll of members, and does not prosecute the charges which have been made against him.

The accusing churches assert that he was still a member, and deny the right or the power of any member to withdraw without a consenting act of the church.

The question to be decided then is: Which position is truly Congregational? This raises the further question, What is the standard of Congregationalism?

To this I reply: If there is any principle fundamental to Congregationalism, it is the supremacy of the Scriptures as the rule of church order, and the absence of all right to impose the observance of any practice or principle not demanded by the Scriptures. It is on this ground that all platforms and Manuals disclaim all binding authority as rules of action, and refer to the Bible as the only and supreme authority. For this reason parts of the Cambridge platform have become a dead letter, though fully and explicitly stated: as for example, its provision as to ruling elders, once earnestly insisted on as fundamental and essential.

I ask then, in what part of the Scriptures is that principle enjoined which the accusing churches have made the basis of their whole proceeding? For if it is not enjoined in the Word of God, then it is no essential part of the Congregational system, and no church or churches have a right to impose it on any other church or its members.

The only answer that can truly be given to this inquiry is that the principle is not found in the Word of God at all, and that the implication of all that is said in the Bible is in the opposite direction.

The practice of a stringent covenant, excluding a right to withdraw from the church, is not found there. Nay, there is nothing said of a covenant at all, and all that can be claimed is an implied covenant or, rather, agreement, to walk and worship together as Christians. Nothing is said of the impossibility of withdrawing without leave of the church, and nothing of discipline for so doing. The very foundation of the assault on Plymouth Church is therefore an assumption which, as not enjoined in the Bible, is no authoritative part of the Congregational system; and the whole proceeding is at war with the principles of true Congregationalism, for it is proposed to put a church out of fellowship for disregarding a principle and practice not taught or required in the Word of God. If anything can be at war with the fundamental principles and the essential spirit of Congregationalism, it is such a proceeding as this. The great battle for liberty against the organized hierarchy of England was fought and won on that ground. This movement abandons the Scriptural basis thus regained, and goes back upon the ground of uninspired ecclesiastical usage, and assumes to make that a law instead of the Word of God.

But, it may be said that the question is really as to the usages of the Congregational churches in this country; and that if they do hold that the church covenant forbids a member to leave a church without consent of the church, it may then be assumed that they have a right to withdraw fellowship from any church that acts on an opposite principle.

This I absolutely deny. It would be an utter renunciation of the first principles of Congregationalism. It would be the assumption of a right to make terms of fellowship not found in the Word of God, and to excommunicate churches for not complying with them. It would introduce the principles of an odious human despotism into a system that has heretofore gloried in its freedom from human lordship, and in its subjection only to God in his Word.

But it may be, indeed it has been said, that this coercive principle is essential to discipline, and that the want of it resolves the church into an aggregate of individuals without cohesion.

To this I reply by an utter denial of the assertion, and by declaring that on the contrary the principle of liberty tends to the purity and power of the church, by making the removal of unworthy elements more easy and by increasing the influence of Christian unity. It will not, moreover, defeat the legitimate ends of discipline. The utmost extent of the power of the church in discipline is to exclude from itself a transgressor. It has no power of civil pains and penalties. If a member deserves the utmost censure, no more can be done than to exclude him from the church. If he excludes himself, the end is gained, so far as concerns the dishonor to the church involved in his membership. The church can do nothing more by way of penalty. Besides, if a man is not held in the church of his own free will, if he does not regard his membership as a privilege, of what use is it to try to keep him an unwilling bondman to the church?

To say that this principle destroys the bonds of union in the church, and dissolves it again into its elements, is to affirm that the love of Christians to each other and an appreciation of the privileges of Christian fellowship have no power, and that a bond of force is necessary to hold together those whom love and mutual esteem and Christian privileges cannot unite.

It may be said that a trial and discipline are often necessary to defend the innocent. To this I reply that a person who will not respond to the call of the church, and denies his connection with it, cannot be tried, especially if witnesses will not appear, and a verified statement of facts is all that can be obtained, and all that is in fact necessary for the defence of any who need vindication.

But whatever the coming decision, it cannot be said as a matter of historical fact, that the power of the individual to separate himself from the church has always been denied by Congregational churches.

In the Heads of Agreement between Presbyterians and Congregationalists, in its first form, it was held that, even if the act of a member in withdrawing was sinful, yet it was effectual. If due efforts to restore him failed, no trial or censure was enjoined, but only a declaration by the church that they are released from any further inspection over him. It is distinctly affirmed that, in such a case, a man cuts himself off from the communion of the church.

But in the Saybrook Platform it is not even said that the act of separation is sinful. It is regarded as a fact, and as effectual, and leads to the same issue.

It is of no avail to say that these statements are of no authority among Congregationalists, and to include a similar statement of the Massachusetts Manual of Dr. Woods in the same category. No manuals or platforms are of any binding authority. The Bible is our only authority. Nevertheless, it is true that the Congregational fathers of New England, if we may trust Cotton Mather, did hold these views, and that universally.

It is also true that the same principles are held by other denominations. Though ministers, churches, presbyteries, and synods are bound together by covenants or agreements, yet ministers do claim and exercise the right of withdrawing at will from presbyteries. Churches do the same. Presbyteries claim and exercise the right of withdrawing from synods, and synods from general assemblies, and are not made subjects of discipline for exercising this right.

Men in all denominations claim this right, and even if they exercise it sinfully, no effort is made, except in the Romish Church, to discipline men for it.

The attempt of Congregationalists to discipline and excommunicate a church for conceding this right, and acting accordingly, is peculiarly odious, and if not rebuked will bring deep and deserved dishonor on the system.

But, that this whole movement is founded on a rejection of the great and fundamental principle that the Bible is our supreme and only authority in questions of order, is obvious from the fact that when the pastor of Plymouth Church offered to the two associated Brooklyn pastors a mutual council with reference to the question of membership at issue, *provided the appeal should be made to the Bible*, the offer was rejected. This is no doubt the first time that such a thing was ever done by a Congregational leader in the history of the denomination.

Not only did they thus reject an offered mutual council, but they also have evaded the safeguards of the system as to *ex parte* councils. An *ex parte* council cannot be called unless a mutual council has been unreasonably rejected, and even then, it must offer itself to the other party as a mutual council. Both of these safeguards they have evaded, by calling that a common "advisory council" which is in fact an "*ex parte* council," and by excluding the other party from the *opportunity* to make it a mutual council. For the proposed council is in fact an *ex parte* council, called notwithstanding the fact that a mutual council has not been denied by Plymouth Church, but has been explicitly offered.

(The evidence of the truth of the above statement as to the rejection of a mutual council on Scripture grounds, is found in the correspondence of the pastors, about to be published, by mutual consent.)

What could an *ex parte* council do more than this is asked to do? It is proposed to submit to this council the action of Plymouth Church; all the action and letters of the accusing churches; the action and letters of Plymouth Church in reply; the principles on which they differ; and the question whether these two churches ought to disfellowship Plymouth Church or not: and yet they pretend that it is not an *ex parte* council, but only one called to advise *them*.

If this precedent is sanctioned, our whole system as to *ex parte* councils is evaded and invalidated.

Under such a sanction, any church or churches may accuse another, and, in the process of agreeing on the terms of a council, complain of the accused church for not moving rapidly enough, and then call a council to advise themselves as to all the points of the accusation, and whether or not they ought to disfellowship the accused church. If our Congregational system is strict in anything, it is in the safeguards against *ex parte* councils called without just cause. If this precedent is not rebuked, there will be no defence against a constant resort to *ex parte* councils without cause, and our whole system is in this respect rendered worthless.

To show how utterly without justification is this proposed *ex parte* council, it is only necessary further to state that the offer of a mutual council, which had been withdrawn by the associated churches on the alleged ground that the views of Plymouth Church on independency rendered it incapable of action in councils, was never renewed, though that church in its last communication explicitly stated that it did not decline a mutual council offered by proper authority. As to independency, Plymouth Church quoted and endorsed the views of a leading expounder and defender of the Congregational system in New England who has been deemed worthy of a place on the council, and declared them to be identical with its own. Still, the associated churchesdid not renew the offer of a mutual council, but contented themselves with an unworthy implication against the honor and sincerity of Plymouth Church.

The case, then, stands thus: a mutual council was not refused by Plymouth Church, but was offered by its pastor, as to the fundamental principle of its whole action, on condition that the Bible should be referred to as the supreme authority.

This proposition the associated pastors rejected, and without renewing the offer of a mutual council to the church, proceeded to call an *ex parte* council, thus rejecting the Word of God as their standard, and appealing only to existing Congregational usage.

Against this dishonor to the Word of God and violation of the fundamental principles of the Congregational system in the calling of a council, I protest, in the name of that system, and still more in the name of the Word of God. EDWARD BEECHER.

THE ELECTION OF A POPE.

BY GEORGE M. TOWLE.

THE time cannot, in the course of nature, be far distant when the newly-recruited College of Cardinals will be called upon to choose the successor of Pius the Ninth. The Pope, besides having some time since passed his fourth score of years, is frail in health; his age forbids the hope that the disease which has obstinately clung to him for many years will leave him; and he has given more than one clear indication of his consciousness that he has but a short time longer to live.

His death will cast upon the princes of the Church a responsibility in certain respects more grave than ever a Sacred College was burdened with before. Upon their choice it will, perhaps, depend whether the claim to the temporal power will be vigorously maintained, or at last abandoned. The decision of this question will not wholly be settled by the opinion and will of the new pontiff; it will be seriously and probably finally settled by his personal qualities. A mediocrity in the Papal chair, whether he be simply a commonplace bishop like Cardinal Pecci, or a wonder of learning like several of his colleagues, will scarcely inspire the hosts of the Church, whatever his determination, with the aggressive zeal necessary for a fresh and prolonged struggle to reclaim the temporalities, or with the self-abnegating spirit to abandon them, and seek for the glory and power of the Church in its spiritual sphere alone. A listless policy, and a gradual decline of the Papal authority, would, in all probability, follow the choice of a commonplace cardinal, a type of the average holy Roman prince. If, on the other hand, the election should fall upon a brilliant, vigorous genius, a man at once statesman and priest, a Hildebrand or a Leo, fashioned for the exigencies of this later day, it is not certain that the papacy would not be able to make, in the decade to come, a stout contest to resume its temporal sway, and to regain its hold upon the Catholic nations.

There is but one wearer of the red hat whose character and career might promise to inaugurate and to boldly and persistently carry forward such a struggle. Had Napoleon III. lived and continued to reign, it might have been that the taciturn but resolute and fervid Cardinal Bonaparte, raised to St. Peter's throne and supported by all the power of France, might have led such a crusade with some promise, at least, of success. But the fall of the Napoleon dynasty has carried with it the practical extinction of Cardinal Bonaparte's aspirations for the tiara. The support of the Emperor was his only hope; and now France, which would have used every pressure to elect him, will cast the whole force of what is still the most devoted of Catholic nations against him. Leaving Cardinal Bonaparte, therefore, out of the question, the best, almost the only, hope of the aggressive Church militant is Cardinal Sforza.

The new pope must be, as all the popes have been for centuries, an Italian; and Cardinal Sforza is the only Italian cardinal who is conspicuous for brilliant ability, and for those personal qualities which communicate

enthusiasm and confident courage to followers and devotees. A man of imposing presence, of active and fervid temperament, of noble manners and bearing, eloquent, vigorous, hopeful, in the prime of life, vigorous of body, full of energy and zeal, an indomitable champion of infallibility, a firm believer in the temporal as well as spiritual destinies of the Church, Cardinal Sforza would scarcely fail to attach to and gather around him every element of the Church of which he might make use in achieving his ends. He unites in himself many of the obtrusive characteristics of those complements of each other, Pius the Ninth and Antonelli. He has the obstinacy and faith of the one, and to a certain extent the shrewdness and diplomatic skill of the other. It is not unlikely that he would first use every means to conciliate; but, these failing, there is the stuff in him that would not hesitate to use every means to crush. Cardinal Sforza has one other advantage which would attract the respect of Catholic Italian minds. The blood of medieval nobles runs in his veins. The Sforzas are only less famous than the Colonnas and Borgias, the Orsinis and di'Medicis and Rospigliosis. He would probably attract the allegiance of the remnants of the old Roman nobility, an element by no means to be despised. Many of the nobles show signs of passing over to the party of the King of Italy; the Court of the Quirinal is more tempting than that of the Vatican; and their allegiance is worth the striving for. The present Pope, at least, has taken every precaution that his successor should be of a character to maintain the position of the Papacy as he himself has established it. A Bull, the authenticity of whose text has been, indeed, disputed, but which, nevertheless, notoriously includes the regulations which Pius IX. has laid down for the election of the next Pope, does away with the old and suggestive electoral ceremonial, and sacrifices formality to necessity. Hitherto the choice of a Pope has been consummated by a series of rites which have been full of solemnity and symbolic meaning. It has been an inexorable law that the College of Cardinals should assemble in the building where the deceased Pope passed from the world. As soon as it appeared that he was dead, the cardinal-chamberlain—an office now held by Antonelli—went to the foot of the bed, and addressing the Pope by his surname, cried out three times, "F——, art thou dead?" in presence of a number of witnessing cardinals. No response being given, the chamberlain turned to those present and declared, "F——is dead." Then the great bell of the Capitol rung out its heavy knell, couriers set out for the European capitals to convey news of the event, and the cardinals were summoned to meet in conclave without delay. The cardinal-chamberlain, in the interval before the consecration of the new Pope, exercised, as he will still exercise, the administrative functions of the sacred office, even to the coining of soudi and centesemi. The body of the deceased Pope was washed with perfumed waters, embalmed, and laid out on a bed of state, and illuminated by countless candles and tapers, in the historic chapel of Sixtus V., the feet extending beyond the railing, that the people might kiss them.

Here the body remained for the period of nine days, when it was entombed with becoming state in St. Peter's.

On the assembling of the cardinals, the college heard mass in the Basilica, and then convened in the Pauline Chapel, where the Cardinal-Deacon read to them the Bull of Election. Thence they repaired to a large hall in the Vatican, divided into small wooden cells, erected for the occasion. Once a day, at noon, the cardinals emerged from their separate cells, where each was required to remain the rest of the time in solitary confinement, and, mass being said, a ballot was had. If it were unsuccessful, the cardinals returned to their cells for another four and twenty hours, to repeat the ceremony on the following day. But all this formality is said to have been done away with by Pius the Ninth, who, exercising the Papal prerogative, and aware that an election so conducted in the Vatican, under present circumstances, may be unduly influenced, has materially altered the procedure. It is no longer obligatory to hold the election on the spot where the last Pope has died; it need not even be held in Rome; it may be held anywhere, where it is most convenient for the cardinals to assemble. The Italian Government, with its center at the Quirinal, the massive walls of which may be even descried from the Vatican windows, is profoundly distrusted by Pius and Antonelli. A king who would consent to seize the Sacred City and occupy it as his capital is very capable, in their eyes, of exercising constraint upon the conclave of the cardinals. Moreover, the new constitution permits the cardinals to canvass among themselves as to who the successor to the Pontificate shall be; although no public announcement of any understanding or informal choice they may make shall be given.

These changes derive a new significance when taken in connection with the recent elevation of twelve new cardinals. This raises the number of the Sacred College, including the cardinal-bishops, priests, and deacons, to about eighty. Of these, between sixty and seventy are Italians; and not a single cardinal is there who has ventured to oppose the dogma of infallibility. The omissions in the recent appointments of cardinals are more conspicuous than the selections. Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans, the ablest Romish prelate in Europe, is passed over, while the red hat and seal are awarded to Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, whose most conspicuous virtues are his docility and intellectual moderation. Archbishop Manning, the ablest of English Catholics, and Archbishop McHale, the ablest of Irish prelates, are quite lost sight of. There can be little doubt that these are omitted because Pius dares not confide to them a voice in the election to come. That the Pope has already designated in his own mind whom his successor shall be, has altered the electoral law, and has appointed cardinals in order to secure his choice, there can be scarcely less doubt. It would be absurd to conjecture which of the cardinals has thus been selected; but it may be reasonably credited that, whoever he is, he is a firm supporter of the stubborn, resistful course which the Papacy has unflinchingly pursued through all the calamities and blows of recent years. The next Pope may not be, and probably will not be, the brilliant Sforza; but he will be an absolutist and an infallibilist, in all probability, and the legitimate successor to Pius's policy as well as to his triple crown.

The Church.

HOME.

That Lutheran pastor at Lionville, Pa., who advertises for a blacksmith and wheelwright to start in business there provided they are both firm and staunch Lutherans also is evidently bound to build up his church. That he is in earnest is equally evident from his additional announcement that there are several good residences and farms in the place which he would like to have taken and occupied by good friends of his denomination. In serving his church interests he may at the same time be doing a good turn for those he invites to his village.

Mention was made last week of the meeting in this city of the Committees of the Southern Presbyterian Church and the Reformed Church, and their agreement on a common basis of co-operation. Since then we have noticed that the Cumberland Presbyterians and the Northern Presbyterian Church have also met by committees at Nashville, Tenn., which adopted a plan for organic union between the two. This comes with as much surprise as gratification, since it was not believed that either side would modify their Church standards. The joint committee have bridged this difficulty by proposing that the Confession of Faith of each Church shall be regarded as a legal authority. In name, form of government, and church discipline, the Cumberland body loses its identity, and the united Church is to be known as the "Presbyterian Church of the United States of America." The Cumberland Church numbers about a thousand ministers and one hundred and thirty thousand members; in the other Church the figures are about four times as large. It remains for the General Assemblies of these bodies to ratify the action of the committees.

At last, the first Reformed Episcopal Church has been organized, and Bishop Cummins' movement takes bodily shape in this city. About forty ladies and gentlemen met at Steinway Hall last week, and adopted a series of by-laws for the government of their new society. Who the permanent rector will be is not known; but Bishop Cummins will undoubtedly take charge of it for the present. Among the by-laws, this one is worthy of notice:

"As this society is intended to be a "Working Church," to utilize all its available resources, there shall be elected at every annual meeting a committee of male communicants, to be called "The Church Committee," and another of female communicants, to be called "The Ladies' Committee;" whose duties shall be to generally assist the vestry, and especially to invite those who attend our worship, and are not known to be connected with other denominations, to permanently unite with us."

There are three sections which relate to simplifying the ritual, and more effectually promoting the union of Evangelical Christians.

The American Board was quite startled and pained with the intelligence it received last week that one of its missionaries, Rev. J. L. Stephens, was assassinated on the 2d inst. at Ahualulco, Mexico. Mr. Stephens had only gone there recently from California with the Rev. Mr. Watkins, both of them graduates of the first class of the Pacific Theological Seminary, at Oakland. If this sad news had come from some remote cannibal island it might not have been a surprise; but occurring so near home, it ought to excite indignation. Travelers with money in Mexico have had reason to be cautious how they traveled there; but that a peaceable missionary should be struck down in a Christian work in a so-called "sister republic" calls for something more than regret. The case demands explanation. Of the fifteen hundred and twenty-five missionaries sent out by the Board, it is stated that only eight have become victims of the assassin. Lyman and Munson were murdered in Sumatra in 1834. Satterlee was struck down by a white man among the Pawnees, in 1837. Dr. Whitman and his wife were assassinated by the Indians in Oregon, in 1847. Merriam fell in Bulgaria in 1862, and Coffing in Central Turkey the same year. In neither of these cases was the deed done by instigation of the government where it occurred.

Reports of revivals are as many and cheering as they have ever been since the Week of Prayer. Among other places which have been graciously visited with an outpouring of the Spirit we notice that at Knoxville, East Tennessee, the interest is widespread. From the *Chronicle* we learn that religious exercises commenced in the Second Presbyterian Church, Jan. 12. These services were originally participated in by the congregations of the First and Second churches, the pastors of the two churches officiating. Day by day the interest increased, and night by night the audiences became larger, many persons attending who were members of other denominations, and numerous others who were not members of any church. The congregations became so large that the thronged edifice could not contain all who sought admission, and the Church Street M. E. Church, South, a block distant, was thrown open to those who could not enter into the First Presbyterian Church. During all the time there were numerous anxious inquirers concerning their spiritual weal, and many gave earnest evidence of the change of the heart. Others of the Evangelical ministers of the city attended the meetings and aided the pastors. The Opera House in the city was finally secured, in which to hold the evening services.

In regard to the result of the conference between the Southern Presbyterian and the Reformed Committees, proposing a union between the two bodies so far as joint ecclesiastical work is concerned, the *Christian Intelligencer* says: "Even if the result should be more remote than the committee anticipate, their report will not be valueless. The formal and open avowal which it proposes to make of the doctrinal unity of these two Churches, and of the thorough respect, confidence and sympathy which subsist between them, would be a blessing to both. And we are free to say that this frank and hearty ecclesiastical recognition has a special charm in it, just because the Committees who propose it and the Denominations who may make it will be known to subordinate their differences of opinion and feeling on points that are not ecclesiastical. Is not that a proper thing to do? Can anything promise better for the true reintegration of our whole country than those acts of Northern and Southern Christian by which, surrendering no right of opposite thought or action in matters political, they recognize in each other the image of Christ and avow themselves brethren for His sake? It is in this aspect that we regard this most friendly conference and its friendly result with the highest satisfaction and interest; and see in it such tendencies to peace and good-will as, we think, will command for it the thoughtful sympathy of all patriots and good Christians throughout the land.

At the recent conference of professors of Presbyterian Theological Seminaries, at Pittsburg, some important suggestions were made which will concern all seminaries alike. It was recommended among other things that the examinations of the students be made more thorough, and that those who do not pass satisfactorily should be conditioned, and, if necessary, set back in their course, which will be recognized as a policy considerably more stringent than anything now in vogue. In regard to the way students should spend their four months' summer vacation, it is urged that it should neither be wasted nor given to desultory occupation determined by caprice or inexperience, but should be regarded as an integral and valuable part of the term allotted to ministerial preparation. These professors say: "The right employment of the vacation is second only to that of session time itself. The one should no more be left to chance nor to take care of itself than the other. Opportunities to teach for a few months in the summer are less frequent and remunerative than formerly. Colportage is not usually of advantage to theological students, pecuniarily or otherwise. Secular occupation is generally undesirable. Nothing could be so serviceable as direct employment in those sacred functions which are to engage their future lives. Are there not pastors in large and important charges where work accumulates beyond their power to undertake it, who would welcome the assistance of active, zealous, and capable young men to labor with them and under their superintendence? Need the students remain idle when there is so much to be done?"

PERSONAL NOTES.—Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of the Park Street church, Boston, has asked his congregation to grant him a vacation of six months from the first of April, to enable him to recruit his health. He says he is neither a sick nor a broken down man, and with God's blessing he does not propose to be for forty years to come; but it is necessary, nevertheless, that he should have a relaxation from all mental labor for a time. He has also suggested to his church the propriety and feasibility of engaging an associate pastor in view of its large and increasing membership.—Rev. Drs. N. L. Rice of Westminster College, Fulton, Mo., and L. J. Halsey of the Chicago Seminary, have been elected professors in the Danville, Ky., Presbyterian Seminary, and it is understood that they will accept the positions. In this case the seminary, which has been closed for the past year, will reopen next September.—Active measures have been taken to secure the Rev. Mr. Porteous, of England, as a permanent pastor in Brooklyn. The bishops of New York and Long Island, in revoking his license to preach in the Episcopal churches have brought him into unexpected prominence and popularity.—Prof. Swing, of Chicago, who some time since preached a sermon on inspiration in which he was accused, substantially, of introducing a touch of rationalism into his discourse is to be brought up to answer charges to that effect at the next meeting of his Presbytery. Rev. Dr. Patton of the *Interior* prefers them.

FOREIGN.

Lectures on preaching are to be delivered in London for the benefit of the younger clergy and candidates for orders in the English Church. Among the names of the lecturers we find the Dean of Canterbury's, Dr. Vaughan's, and other prominent churchmen. The reason given for instituting the course is significantly stated to be that in no respect is the training of young English ministers more defective than in the function of public preaching. "In some cases it is almost *nil*, and in most cases it is inadequate."

Rev. Dr. Parker's new church in London, the City Temple, is expected to be ready for occupation on the first of May. The *Christian Shield*, Dr. Parker's paper, informs its transatlantic friends that by a public resolution it has been decided to have an American pew in the church, and it is suggested that the pew be distinguished by the presence of the American Eagle. It is not stated how our national bird will be perched on the seat, so that strangers from this side the ocean shall be able to reach it without the aid of the sexton. Be that as it may, the American pew must never lack occupants after the City Temple's considerate attention in the matter.

In connection with our temperance crusade, an item from India is of interest. A memorial has been signed there by over sixteen thousand names, and presented to the Viceroy asking that all liquor-shops should be closed where the majority of the inhabitants object to their existence, and also in the vicinity of educational and religious institutions and places of business. It is rather a stinging commentary on Christianity to read in the petition that among the higher and more educated classes, and in places long subject to British rule and the influence of western refinement, the worst ef-

fects of intemperance have been realized. Our India friends have taken hold of a very vital matter, but they have yet to learn that memorials wont cure the evil, judging from experience here. Something in the shape of prayer and practical personal work is called for.

Professor Thomas Witherow of Londonderry, Ireland, is unwilling to admit that there is any such thing as "non-essentials" in religion, as opposed to essentials. The distinction between the two he does not find authorized in the Scriptures. In his view, to say that because a fact of Divine revelation is not essential to salvation it must of necessity be unimportant, and may or may not be received by us, is to assert a principle the application of which would make havoc of our Christianity. If any truths of revelation are unimportant because they happen to be non-essentials, it follows that the Word of God itself is, in the main, unimportant; for, by far the greatest portion of it is occupied with matters, the knowledge of which is not absolutely indispensable to the everlasting happiness of men. Let a man once persuade himself, says the professor, that importance attaches only to what he is pleased to call essentials, whatever their number, and he will, no doubt, shorten his creed and cut away the foundation of many controversies, but he will, practically, set aside all except a very small part of the Scriptures. This is, doubtless, all true, but still there remains the conviction and knowledge that men do make Christian life hinge on unimportant matters often, and that if there are no "non-essentials" in religion, then an immense number of irrelevant points have been made by theologians.

The Week.

[*From Tuesday, March 10, to Monday, March 16.*]

CHARLES SUMNER.

Those who clearly remember even the latter days of slavery often forget that to the young men and women who have now been in active life for five years or thereabout, the story of the John Brown raid and the Kansas excitement and contemporary events is more a myth than a memory. To them Charles Sumner's name is almost wholly associated with a past in which they had no part, and with men who may be referred to as statesmen without the use of ironical quotation marks. Probably, however, most of our readers can recall with more or less of distinctness Mr. Webster's surrender to the dominant party and the entrance of Mr. Sumner, as his successor, upon a political career which for singleness of purpose, courage, honor, has not often been equalled. The life and death of the late Senator are full of interest for all.

Mr. Sumner's family came originally from Kent, England, and his immediate ancestors were among the earliest settlers of the Massachusetts colony. His father, Charles Pinkney Sumner, was High Sheriff of Suffolk County; his grandfather fought in the Continental army, and the state records show a long list of his relations who have, first and last, done her honorable service. Mr. Sumner was born in Boston Jan. 6th, 1811; went through the famous Latin School, graduated at Harvard in 1830; studied under Judge Story at the Cambridge Law School, and began practice in 1834. Prior to this time he had, as editor of the *American Jurist*, become somewhat known to the profession as an earnest and critical student of law. For three years he lectured at Cambridge, besides doing a large amount of editorial work in the way of his profession. All these duties he discharged with distinguished ability, and with the untiring faithfulness and zeal which marked his subsequent life.

In 1837 he went abroad, bearing letters of introduction from our most noted jurists, which secured him admission not only to the courts whose processes he wished to observe, but to the most cultivated society of Great Britain and the Continent. Returning to this country in 1840, he resumed the practice of law in Boston, lectured at Cambridge, edited law books, and pursued his favorite studies (for he was not necessarily dependent upon work for a livelihood) until 1845, when he was invited to deliver the usual Fourth of July Oration before the Boston municipal authorities. He selected "The True Grandeur of Nations" as his subject, advocating universal peace with such eloquence that he was quoted and criticised all over the country, nor was it not long before he found himself drawn into the anti-slavery ranks and into the Free Soil party, which began to make itself felt as a political power about this time. Daniel Webster was a Senator from Massachusetts when the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, and the contemporary compromises with slavery were made with his aid and consent. His appointment as Secretary of State to Mr. Fillmore left a vacancy in the Senate, to fill which Mr. Sumner was elected in 1850, after a sharp legislative contest. In 1866 he married Mrs. Alice Hooper, widow of William Sturgis Hooper, and daughter of Jonathan Mason. They were divorced in 1873 by the Massachusetts Supreme Court, in accordance with mutual wishes for such a separation.

In 1850 the anti-slavery movement had gained such headway that the South fully recognized the danger, and strove in every way to maintain its supremacy in Congress; but it was not until August 26, 1852, that Mr. Sumner made his first great anti-slavery speech, on the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and gave the North a watchword in its title—"Freedom National, Slavery Sectional." He was only enabled to secure the floor through promptly seizing an opportunity when the Democrats were off their guard, but once on his feet he commanded the attention alike of friends and foes. His next opportunity was the struggle over Kansas and Nebraska, the South being determined to establish slavery in those territories and the North opposing. Mr. Sumner delivered two great speeches on this question. The second, delivered in May, 1856, was entitled "The Crime against Kansas." Two days later, as he was writing at his desk in the Senate Chamber after adjournment, Mr. Preston S. Brooks, a member of the House, approached, and, after saying that the late speech was a libel upon South Carolina, (which State he represented) struck Mr. Sumner repeatedly with a cane, and so heavily that, before he could rise and defend himself, he fell senseless and bleeding on the floor, Brooks striking him furiously after he was down, and shattering the cane in pieces. Committees of investigation were appointed and, although the two-thirds vote necessary for expulsion was not given by the House, a large majority condemned Brooks' act. He resigned but was at once re-elected, amid the applause of his constituents who gave him every possible mark of their approbation. Mr. Brooks died in 1857, and it has recently come out that his life was embittered by remorse for the deed which made him famous. Mr. Sumner fell into a long and dangerous illness from the effects of this attack. When partially recovered he went abroad for medical treatment, but was unable to resume his seat in the Senate until 1860. Massachusetts meanwhile refusing to accept his resignation, on the ground that the vacant seat was in itself the strongest possible plea for human freedom.

"The Barbarism of Slavery" was the subject of his first speech after returning to duty. During the Presidential campaign he actively supported Lincoln, and became Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations just as the South seceded and war broke out. For ten years he held the chairmanship of this important committee, discharging its duties with great wisdom and justice. Probably he would have continued to serve had he not criticised the Administration rather severely. Throughout the war he was the staunch advocate of emancipation, of equal rights, of all vigorous war measures. Shortly after Mr. Lincoln's assassination he saw in Mr. Johnson's policy what he regarded as a fatal tendency toward a practical relapse into slavery, and took a prominent part in the impeachment trial which followed. While the endangered rights of the freedmen have been his especial care since the war, he has been prominent in all the more important debates. He was, at best, never a hearty supporter of the Grant Administration, believing from the first that the nomination was an unwise one, but he did not openly break with the party in power until the San Domingo affair came up in 1870, and brought about his retirement from important committee work. In 1872 he joined Mr. Schurz in the Ordnance Stores investigation, and was prominent as a supporter of Mr. Greeley in the Presidential campaign of the same year, taking occasion to arraign the Administration in at least one very powerful speech in the Senate. His health has of late been precarious and he has been more than once forced to seek rest.

It is gratifying to all that the legislature of Massachusetts sent to Congress its formal withdrawal of censure for the famous "Battle Flag" resolution in time for Mr. Sumner to hear it read in the Senate Chamber. Both Houses of Congress adjourned after passing suitable resolutions in honor of the dead Senator, and the telegraph brings from all over Christendom recognitions of his fame and worth. Funeral services were held in the Senate Chamber at Washington on Friday, after which the body was taken by special train to Boston. The journey was by night as far as New York, so that formal and public expressions of sympathy were of necessity prevented; but along the route through Connecticut and Massachusetts on Saturday, every possible mark of respect was paid. The remains reached Boston on Saturday, and lay in state at Doric Hall on Sunday. As we go to press the last ceremonies of respect are being paid to his memory in that representative city of New England, whose noblest qualities of heart and head he has so long and so faithfully represented.

A successor must at once be chosen for the rest of Mr. Sumner's term. The most prominent names are Charles Francis Adams, Governor Bullock, Judge Hoar, Mr. Dawes, Henry L. Pierce, and General Banks. The *Springfield Republican* suggests that the choice of Mr. Pierce would, if made, be the sharpest rebuke to the Simmons appointment, while Governor Bullock is probably the least objectionable to Butler. General Banks's chances are practically not worth considering, so that the choice may be limited to the five first-named above. Any of them may be depended upon adequately to represent the State, and to save her so far as in them lies from her greatest present political peril.

The administration Republicans of New Hampshire lost the State at the election on Tuesday, although the election of Mr. Weston as Governor will not be through a direct vote, as, owing to the division of interests, the Legislature will have to decide. The returns are not, up to this writing, absolutely complete, but the Legislature will unquestionably be so weak in administration men that a joint ballot will result favorably to the opposition. The leading administration papers charge the defeat to the overwhelming weight of Sanborn and Simmons and the civil service and the salary grab and the unsatisfactory state of finance legislation and a dozen other matters of like nature. At the last election the administration secured a majority which under the circumstances was considered fair, but this is entirely lost now.

Considering all that has passed, it was a very graceful act that was performed by a party of veteran Confederate soldiers the other day at Lancaster, S. C. It seems that two of Kilpatrick's men, killed in 1865 in one of the many cavalry skirmishes which took place in that region, were buried by the roadside, where they have lain ever since. The Society of ex-soldiers at Lancaster has removed the bones of these their former enemies, to the National Cemetery at Florence, transportation by rail being furnished by order of the President of the railway, an old Confederate officer. The participants in this courteous act were moved thereto by hearing how the graves of Confederate dead were decorated last May at sundry places at the North, and of the recommendation of Governor Allen that the Confederate Cemetery at Columbus, Ohio, should be enclosed at State expense. Moreover, the late meeting of veterans of the Mexican War at Washington renewed the spirit of comradeship which existed in the old army. Some correspondence took place between the Lancaster Secretary and Lt. Col. Black of the 18th Infantry, and the cordiality expressed is very pleasant to read. We have said before that the old soldiers of the two armies are the best friends in the two sections of the country, and we may yet see them taking the lead in effecting a true reconciliation.

We have no fault to find with the progress made by the Ways and Means Committee in farther developing the operation of our precious revenue laws. Mr. Jayne has been cross-examined in the light of what has been told by merchants. Considering his recent experiences, it is not perhaps unnatural that he should regard New York merchants as a set of professional and persistent smugglers, whose chief end is to defraud the revenue. Fortunately the rebutting testimony is so conclusive that his statement of the case is not received anywhere with implicit faith. Besides the evidence given before the Committee, there is gradually accumulating a mass of corroborative material which, while it is informal and *ex-parte*, has its influence in convincing the people that a great wrong has been done. Mr. Schulte's address has been published in full since our last issue, and certainly it contains statements—the truth of which has not been disproved—which leave us in doubt as to which is the most tyrannical, a Despotism or a Republic. No branch of manufacture can consider itself exempt from the government detectives. No care in the keeping of books can prevent a wholesale seizure and a ruinously long detention, the factory meanwhile being closed as a precaution against possible evasion or justification. The Sanborn business, by the way, is going bravely on. General Butler imprudently called the affair up in the House on Tuesday and attempted to defend Sanborn on the ground that the claims would not otherwise have been settled, but he never undertook a more hopeless task. Three or four members of the Ways and Means Committee were down upon him with facts which he could neither answer nor evade, and Mr. Phelps, of New Jersey, was ready with a bit of personal experience in the matter of tax paying which was very demoralizing in a parliamentary sense. Butler, be it remembered, is a personal friend of Sanborn, and may therefore have felt bound to break a lance in his interest.

Foreign journalists have received their first news concerning the Temperance Crusade. Naturally they hardly know what to make of this new form of American eccentricity, but meanwhile the movement has become so powerful in its advance that the liquor dealers are looking at one another in something very like panic. One of their most admirable arguments is that the United States revenue will be so largely reduced if the whiskey traffic is killed, that the country will become bankrupt, and we shall all go to ruin together. This is, perhaps, a pardonable vanity, for do we not all believe that the welfare of the nation, if not of the world, depends on our own especial branches of industry? Ministers and editors certainly ought not to laugh at the argument on general principles, for in the eyes of liquor dealers it is probably legitimate. They cannot be expected to look farther ahead and estimate the vast gain which would result to the country and to humanity if temperance were the universal rule. The campaign is still pushed at the West with all its original vigor and success. Temporary checks there are, of course. Disheartening humbug and cant there is, equally of course. But grog-shops are being closed, and the men who were accustomed to make brutes of themselves at the bars are unable to avoid a respectability which may be enforced and temporary, but is at any rate positive. Here at the East we are going to work with less of the enthusiasm which has so prevailed with the more impulsive temperaments which predominate west of the Alleghanies. In this city and Brooklyn the interest is steadily increasing, Brooklyn taking the lead in aggressive measures. The New York ministers met on Thursday and adopted resolutions which are somewhat disappointing to the advocates of total abstinence, but contain suggestions which show that the importance of the subject was by no means underrated. Nevertheless, nearly all the meetings which have since been held have, in one way or another, spoken in favor of total abstinence as opposed to temperance. So far as work has been undertaken on the "crusade" plan it is managed on this wise. The ladies of a church hold daily prayer meetings. From these small parties go out and visit bar-rooms in various directions, trying to show the proprietors the shame of their traffic. No party visits the same room twice, and the usual number of individuals composing a party is only two or three. The main meeting at the church meanwhile follows these advanced skirmishers with its prayers, and it is said that in some districts there has certainly been a perceptible effect, notable mainly in diminished sales, and in a certain nervous seriousness among the dealers.

People must not conclude, from the silence of the general press, that the postal car controversy is as yet settled. The question came up a year or so ago, it being admitted by all parties that the system as it existed was admirable, but cost the railroads more than they received from the Government. The Companies, instead of petitioning Congress for increased compensation, threatened to withdraw the cars, and only withdrew the threat to await the action of the Senate Transportation Committee. Congress has however passed a law recognizing the justice of the claim, and the more important Companies may, by taking advantage of its provisions, secure 25 to 100 per cent. increase on their present allowance. We learn from an article in the *U. S. Mail*, that the Companies have now changed their tactics, and purpose advocating a return to something like the old system, namely, the use of direct bags in connection with the distributing offices, the bags being forwarded by almost every train. It is said, for instance, that there are, all told, six daily trains from this city to Chicago, and by reverting to the old plan all these could be used. The fact is that they are all used now, so far as the public service requires. Some of the fast express trains for the West do not start out with mails, but that is for the reason that there is little or no mail to send, it having been ready for dispatch and forwarded on a previous train making the same connection. The later and faster train is usually started out about two hours after the first, to overtake it, and when this occurs in the afternoon, *both* trains are used, because mail is coming in all the time for dispatch. As regards nearer cities, such as Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, etc., Mr. James, the Postmaster at New York, states that mails are sent out from his office "over the Pennsylvania Railroad twelve times daily (including seven dispatches to Philadelphia), over the Hudson River Road nine times, and over the N. Y. and New Haven Road six times, and on all these and other routes out of New York, additional dispatches are initiated as fast as a clear advantage can be pointed out, and if the Railway Companies do not interpose obstacles." The fact seems to be that mail matter naturally accumulates in sufficient quantities to justify shipment at certain hours, say morning, noon and night, and this of course only in large cities. As the local mail becomes smaller, its accumulation becomes slower. If mail-bags were sent by every train, many of them would be nearly empty, and if the bags weigh on an average more than their contents, it is evident that the supply exceeds the demand. The Post-Office Department does not deny that the Companies ought to have better pay, but it does deny that a return to the old distributing system is better than that at present in use. The fundamental principle of the Postal Car Service is that mail matter should always, when possible, be kept moving until it has reached its destination. Anyone can understand that if letters for a distant State are started on their journey and sorted for different towns while in transit, they will reach their destination sooner than if the sorting were done in a stationary office.

The Household.

AN OLD WIFE'S DREAM.

BY SARAH D. CLARK.

BRIGHT was the day when the fleet sailed down,
Out from the harbor of Gloucester town;
Full sixty sail with the flower and prime
Of the fair seaport in the olden time,
Hearty and glad, well trimmed and manned,
For the far-off banks of Newfoundland.

The women gazed till the white specks grew
Misty and lost in the shadowy blue;
"God keep them well, 'tis for us at home
They try their luck on the salt sea's foam,
For us and our little ones, God be blest,
May He bring them home to their port of rest."

The sixth of November, at twelve o'clock,
The ships sailed out from the harbor dock,
All things were fair as a day in June,
Like a crescent of pearls the fair pale moon
Arose o'er the edge of the water's brim,
As the fleet sailed down o'er it's shadowy rim.

But at five that night, when the sun went down,
A cloud came up over Gloucester town;
Threat'ning and dark were the signs they know,
Up through the streets the fierce winds blew,
And the angry sea, from miles afar,
Burst its way o'er the harbor bar.

Then the gossips hushed the children's mirth,
And gathered around the household hearth,
And tried with woman's art to tell
How things would surely turn out well,
For the sea was safe as the land, they said,
With the good God ruling overhead.

But one old wife in the fireside's gleam
Sat silent, entranced in a far-off dream;
Nor a sign she made, nor a word she said,
But her face was white as the face of the dead,
Till at her feet with a noisy fall
The horseshoe fell from its place on the wall.

Then starting, "Dear souls," she said, "'tis plain,
I have dreamed the same dream over again
Five and twenty long years ago,
The same dark dream, 'tis even so,
'Tis true, and truth is God's truth I ween,
Come it even our joys between.

I saw afar, like a ghostly fleet,
With crew half frozen in snow and sleet,
Dashed about by the ocean shocks,
Sixty sail, on the deadly rocks,
Till one by one in the sea went down
Each soul that sailed out of Gloucester town."

Then they tried to cheer her—"'Tis only a rhyme
Of an old wife's tale of the olden time;
The prophets and dreamers are false, not true."
Yet she saw what they saw not, they knew,
And the women tried to smile once more,
But the dream came true in the days of yore.

Then each to the other said, "Trust, nor fear
We will courage keep, and hearts of cheer,
And the bells shall ring when with glad renown
Our sailors come home to their olden town."
But the fleet they watched for many a day
Never sailed back to Gloucester bay.

CONNIE'S CHANCE.

BY C. A. G.

MRS. VIBBARD'S delicate brows were contracted and her upper lip curled a trifle; she looked uncomfortable and annoyed.

"It is not merely the danger to people's fruit-trees and gardens," she said, "but it brings such an unpleasant class of persons right among us; it just lands the town noise and dirt and roughness which we escaped by building out here, before our doors and under our eyes. I call it extremely trying."

"Now, I look at it as such a desecration of the Sabbath," said Aunt Seelie, with a shade of reproof in her tone. "There seems to be nothing but a breaking down of restraints and a levelling of barriers, now-a-days. It is just one more easy way for the class that most need church privileges to turn their backs on the church and follow their own sinful pleasures."

The family were discussing the opening of the Metropolitan Horse Railroad, which connected the big manufacturing town of Brayton with the pretty outlying Bellevue, where so many wealthy people had, like the Vibbards, built their homes to avoid the noise and dirt of the town and to enjoy pure air and plenty of elbow-room. Until three weeks ago Bellevue dwellers had choice of going to Brayton in their own easy carriages, rolling swiftly over Macadamized roads, or by the steam-cars, whose smoke was plainly visible behind Oak Hill, whose depot lay a mile or more away from any residence, and the prolonged whistle of whose trains never invaded the Sunday quiet. It had been all *going into* Brayton until the democratic horse-cars, with low fares and extra runs on Sunday, had begun the *bringing out* process, and enticed the working population into exploring the country round about. At this Bellevue not unnaturally grumbled.

Constance Vibbard, curled up on the highest piazza-step with her chin resting in her hand and listening to the conversation, stirred uneasily at Aunt Seelie's little speech, and half opened her lips to speak. But grandma was before her.

"Seelie, how much does thee think such people would go to church if they stayed in town? And why is it more sinful in them to seek country air and pleasure than to lounge and drink in Brayton streets?"

"That's just it," said Connie, eagerly. "They do wrong anyhow, and when their lives are so much harder than ours, it sounds mean for us to blame them for taking what comfort they can get."

"Sabbath-breaking is sinful, mother, I suppose. Even your charity will admit that," said Aunt Seelie, ignoring utterly Constance's little outbreak of opinion.

"Well," said Mr. Vibbard, folding his Sunday paper squarely and apparently folding up the discussion in it. "Well, the Metropolitan will make a good thing of it, and our orchards will find it a poor one. It can't be helped now. I shall tell Thomas to admit no one inside the lodge gate, and to watch sharply for stragglers. Connie, you must n't go far from the house Sunday afternoons."

"As if a parcel of Brayton operatives, mostly slovenly women and puny children, would hurt me," cried Connie, half laughing, half vexed.

"They are not fit persons for you to come in contact with, my daughter," said her mother.

"The law ought to abolish Sunday cars," added Aunt Seelie. "Such low people ought not to be allowed to invade a neighborhood like this. They should be compelled to attend church."

Constance crept closer to grandma as the group broke up, and laid her head on her comfortable lap.

"Any one could see Aunt Seelie isn't your own child, gramsie. She'd be a deal nicer if she was. What is Sabbath-breaking, really? And since Sunday cars will run, and these people will invade and we can't prevent it, what ought we to do? Have we a right to bar up our grounds and sniff over the gates at them? It seems as if things were meant to fit together; isn't it a chance for us, gramsie, and not something to shun and be annoyed at?"

"What does thee mean?" asked grandma quietly.

"I don't know exactly myself," replied Constance. "It is like a puzzle, and perhaps I have got hold of the right thread; only just the end of it, though."

"When thee has unravelled it, come and tell me, child. Thee can count upon my help, if thee likes, should there come a need for it," said grandma, smiling.

"You are such a comfort," and Connie hugged the placid old lady with impetuous gratitude.

Then she wandered slowly over the lawn, carrying her books. There was a little nook between three huge firs at the farther end of it, where Constance often spent Sunday hours, and hither she came now. A comfortable seat was screened from casual observation by the low-growing, dark-green branches, yet at one point it commanded a vista of the beautiful grounds, with a view of the thick hedge bordering on the street, and an occasional glimpse of passers-by beyond. She liked thus to be reminded of other people and unknown busy life, and yet to feel herself so securely hidden away from sight and inquiry.

Constance was young and ardent, full of zealous impulse to do good work in the world. But her life was very sheltered and quiet; very much cut off from contact with the poor or suffering. Her mother and Aunt Seelie took care to repress any motion of hers toward what they called "getting out of her sphere." Grandma sympathized and advised; to her Constance largely owed it that she did not grow bitterly impatient under Aunt Seelie's strictures, wrongfully discouraged at what she called the scanty measure of her opportunities, or complacently slothful. To-day, Connie's thoughts shaped themselves something like this:

"Yes, it does seem as if things fitted together—our having no afternoon service and being always at home, and these poor people coming right to us. It is a chance. But how to improve it? Gramsie wouldn't call it a chance, but a Providence. What's the good if we don't know how to take advantage of it? And I don't. I can't go out and hold a road-side meeting for them; they wouldn't listen if I did. I should like to ask a lot of them to walk in our grounds; but mamma would be horrified and papa angry; besides, what good would it do them? O, dear! There is a clew, if I could only find it."

There was a babble of voices along the road, and as Connie looked up she could discern that a group of people had paused and were looking over the hedge.

"I'd like to walk in them grounds," said a voice. "It's enough sight nicer than this dusty road."

"The rich folks would set a dog on you if you tried it," said a rougher voice. "Come along."

"I want to look at them flowers a bit," said the first speaker. "See them white ones; what are they, I wonder?"

With a sudden impulse Constance stepped from her place, and, breaking a spray of the white, fragrant cups, advanced toward the hedge.

"We call them June lilies," she said. "Would you like some?"

"Thanky," said the woman, after a little startled pause. "Come along, children; wasn't meaning to intrude, miss."

"Not at all," said Constance, brightly. "I like to have people admire our flowers. If you'll wait I will give the little girl some roses. Are you going to the grove?" she added, as she put some superb blush buds in a pair of small, grimy hands. "The new cars make it very pleasant for you to get into the country."

"They do so," said the woman. "Maybe we can get some comfort out of the days we don't work, now. We was trying to get to that hill, it looks so sightly, but I expect it's too long a walk. The children get tired so easy."

"If you turn to the right just beyond here, you will see a path that will take you there quite quickly and easily. We always take it when we go to Oak Hill."

Connie gave a little inward laugh at thought of what a look Aunt Seelie's face would wear could she hear her niece directing such people along a route sacred to Bellevue pleasure-seekers. Then, with an afterthought, she called, "Come back this way, won't you?" as, with an awkward expression of thanks, the family moved away.

She stood by the hedge a few minutes thoughtfully, and thus three or four half-grown boys drew near before she saw them.

"Cricky! wouldn't I like to get over in there!" said one. "You bet there are strawberries and good stuff. Let's try for 'em."

"They're not ripe yet," said Connie, suddenly facing him over the hedge. "If they were I would give you some. Here are some flowers, though."

It was funny to see the astonishment and consternation on the four boy faces at her first words, and how it changed to something else as she held over a handful of flowering almond and late yellow tulips.

"We can't eat them," said one saucy little fellow, but an older one nudged him, and they took the flowers without comment.

Constance went back to her seat slowly; her eyes fell on a line in the book she still held open, and a glow rose over her cheeks as she read:

"Find out men's wants and will and meet them there."

"Not expect them to come and meet us where they ought to be; not even expect them to have the best wants and will first. Meet them where they stand, and fill the empty places as we can, and help them up to the true wants and will, the true hunger and thirst afterwards."

"Gramsie," she said, ten minutes later, haying run hastily to the house, "I've found the first end of the thread. It's—seed-cakes!"

"And thee's ready for my help? Well!" said the dear old lady.

She filled a not too little basket with her own particular seed-cakes, plump, spicy, and crisp, with a big raisin stuck in the middle of each; put it into Connie's hands, and then held her back a little anxiously.

"Thy zeal does n't outstrip discretion, child? Thee will not displease father and mother, and take liberties with their goods?"

"It is all over the hedge yet, gramsie," said Connie. "I'll be careful."

Then she ran away, thinking:

"Aunt Seelie would say I was encouraging Sabbath desecration. Wonder if I am. No—no; I am sure of it. They must get a kind idea of us rich folks before they will heed inner things much."

It was late, almost tea-time, before she saw her group—as in her thoughts she had begun to call them—returning. The children lagged wearily, but the mother smiled as she saw Connie looking over the hedge, and said as she drew near:

"It was a pretty walk you showed us, miss, and such a handsome look from that hill. That and the good air has quite heartened me up."

"I'm glad," said Connie, simply. "I think Oak Hill is pretty, myself. Are n't the children tired?"

"Yes, and fretting for their tea; it is late for them. But they've had a good time, have n't you Sammy?"

"Sammy will have a better one if you let me give him this cake to eat on the way home. The car-ride will be pleasanter for not feeling so hungry all the way."

So grandma's basket was lightened, and with cheerful, simple words Connie set them at ease, making the mother feel not that she was taking charity, but that the young lady was interested in her little ones, and liked to give them pleasure.

Afterwards the boys, who had followed closely, received the remainder of the cakes, and went on, praising the giver boyishly, with their mouths full of toothsome sweetness.

Aunt Seelie pounced on Connie and her basket as she came to the house.

"Constance Vibbard! *Have* you been talking with those people?"

"Yes 'm;" said Connie, meekly.

"At least I hope you told them how sinful it was to be rioting over the country this way; did not you?" said Aunt Seelie, prepared to approve of that much while she reproved the fact of any speech at all.

"I did n't," said Connie.

"Then you encourage wickedness, and countenance Sunday excursions, do you?" sniffed Aunt Seelie. "I am surprised at you, Constance."

"I don't countenance Sunday excursions, aunt; I suppose they are bad. But since I'm a woman, and can't vote against them, and it would be shocking unfeminine to write to the *Bugle* denouncing the Metropolitan, or to preach in church against them, I don't see how I can do anything against the evil, unless I try and counteract a little of it when it comes in my way. And I can only do that by giving the people something good to think of. If they will go on excursions, is it not well that they shall find a little bit of Sunday in it in spite of themselves?"

Aunt Seelie shook her head dubiously and irate-

but Connie had grandma on her side, and that was not the last of her Sunday "chances." Something came of it; not much, but something. By degrees Connie came to know, not all the Brayton operatives who strolled about Bellevue on Sundays, but groups here and there, mostly women and children, and the large boys. She dispensed fruit and flowers over the hedge, bright and pleasant words, too; and presently pictures and a few books. She gave a little help about the hard words, then, and won them to talk with her of their own thoughts and experiences. With grandma's help she gathered a few of the boys into her arbor, and taught them a little. It was not much she did; trifles here and there; but they were large to lives that had held so little brightness; their fruit was evident, if small. Jack Edgecombe began to choose his language with more care, and Sandy McGee left off cheating and gambling with pennies; the Mitchell family looked cleaner and the mother lost something of a hard sullen look her face used to wear.

When winter came and the Metropolitan ceased running extra cars, and the country lost its attractions in part, more of the Brayton operatives were inclined to attend the mission school than ever before. Partly, no doubt, because Connie had obtained leave to teach there, but partly, it seemed, because in some hearts new aspirations and wants were quickened.

Connie's "chance" had not been lost; its improving had written new sweetness for herself as well as others and at the summer's end she could heartily add the closing lines to her quoted motto:

"All earthly joys go lesse
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."

The Little Folks.

MY BABY AND MY BIRD.

By S. D. RAYMOND.

A LONG time ago I wrote a story for the *Christian Union* about a canary-bird and how he saved the life of a little boy who had previously saved him from being eaten by puss. So many people have asked me if that story was true, that I have felt sorry I could not say Yes, and have often wished that Tiptoe, my canary, would only do some wonderful thing, that I might have a true story of a bird to tell my little friends. But Tiptoe, or Tip as he is called in familiar conversation, has been very shy until within a few months. Lately he has acted so like a canary of thought and wisdom that, although he has not yet managed to save any one's life, I feel inclined to tell something about him, and I assure my young readers that every word of this story will be true. To begin with, at this very moment he is walking up and down my paper, examining every word I write. Perhaps he thinks I don't spell correctly, or is criticising my style; no, I have it! he thinks I shall not do him justice, for, between you and me, Tiptoe is rather vain. (Well, Tip, stop pecking at my pen and let me tell the world how pretty you are.) There! now he is quieter, almost *sitting* on the paper, and occasionally turning his head. He is not a yellow bird—that is, the yellow is nearly covered with black, making him what the bird-sellers call a "green canary." So he is not as gay and handsome a fellow (get out of my way, Tip!) as some I have seen. The shape of his body and tail is very graceful, however, and his head is set on in the most knowing manner. (Just now, when I wanted to take another sheet of paper, he would not be driven away by fair means, and I had to slide him off by taking one end of the sheet and pulling it from under him; as it was foolscap, and he was at the very bottom of the page, it made quite a "skating rink" for him, and he appeared to enjoy it hugely.)

But now I must tell you how he plays with my baby-boy. When Baby creeps, and the cage-door is open, as it generally is in the daytime, out flies Tip, and stands in front of Master Baby, taking good care to keep just out of reach. Baby creeps, exclaiming in the most excited manner, "Dar-dar-dar." Tip hops, and when Baby is exhausted by his fruitless endeavor to clutch the living toy, Tip stops and waits for him to recover himself. One day he led Baby from all frequented paths, and enticed him under the bed, then quietly and slyly trotted off, leaving the poor child unable to get out—for he did not know enough to turn, and it was impossible for him to back out. I had to run and pull him backwards by his little feet, which, being a dignified baby, insulted him dreadfully, and he sat apart from the rest of us for some time with his finger in his mouth, evidently hoping for redress or apology. Meanwhile Tip was perched on a picture-frame, and actually winked (and would have chuckled if he could) at Baby's discomfiture.

Baby is very fond of waltzing with me, and though Tip looked askance at this performance for some time, he finally made up his mind that it was a pleasant thing to join in the mazy dance, so the other day, while Baby and I were whirling merrily around the nursery, Tip suddenly made a third, and rested on my arm. He seemed astounded at the amount of exercise it involved to keep himself balanced; he was quite giddy at first, but very soon became used to the turning and the reversing, and has frequently participated in our frolic. Wouldn't it be nice if he would only sing for us while we were sliding around?

The other day a dreadful thing happened to Baby. I can hardly bear to tell about it. He has to endure what Tip knows nothing about, and that is, cutting his teeth. Suddenly, while Baby was taking his lunch from his bottle, he was seized with a terrible convulsion, and lay for a long time without knowing or seeing anything. The dear, good doctor came and worked over him a long time. Tip was out of the cage, and when he saw Baby lying on the lounge so still and white he was alarmed, and flew upon the pillow to see what was the matter with his beloved little playmate. We could not keep him away from Baby, although we brushed him off and waved him back a great many times. I think he suspected the doctor of mischief, for he followed him two or three times, and whenever he approached very near the little sufferer, Tip would chirp rather angrily and go to the baby, sometimes hopping on his dress or his arm; once even perching on the spoon that the doctor was putting in Baby's mouth, and fluttering his wings energetically. I believe that *he knew something was wrong*, and had a vague idea of protecting his companion.

After a few days Baby got well, and Tip seemed more than ever to wish to be near him. The first morning that the baby was regularly bathed after his illness Tip was full of eagerness and bustle. He flew to the bowl several times and around the baby-basket, and finally settled on the edge of the bowl; and when Baby's hands were put in Tip made a motion as if to jump in and wash *his* claws. The rim was so broad and slippery that the little fellow was put to his wits to keep from sliding into the water—which would have done for him probably what a ducking in a pond would do for you. Tip sometimes flies to baby's cradle in the morning and swings on the side, chirping and fluttering, and letting Baby *almost* get hold of him; and the other day, having noticed Baby pick up some of his scattered seeds and taste them (though I soon put a stop to the experiment), he waited his turn, and when I went to the pitcher to pour baby's food into the bottle, Tip perched on my hand, and, at the risk of going head foremost into the warm drink, he sipped the farina from the edge of the pitcher. Possibly he thought, "If Baby tastes my food, I'll taste Baby's;" but, whatever he thought, that is what he did. I often wonder if it may not be that Baby and Tip understand each other better than I understand either of them. Perhaps "Dar-dar-dar" and "Chip, chip, chip" may mean a variety of things, the emphasis and change of voice conveying the different ideas. At all events, Baby, who gets so vexed if he cannot get hold of everything else he wants, seems perfectly satisfied if, after stretching out his roseleaf of a hand, with the remark "Dar dar," he only receives a soft peck on each finger in succession, and the answer "chip chip." Tip, in his turn, never acts frightened at the wild clutch for him, if only Baby makes the clutch. Should any one else make such an advance he would be terrified.

Tip does not confine his affection to Baby, but condescends to notice and tolerate both the other children. When Arthur approaches the cage Tip flutters and shows great eagerness for a friendly combat with him. He chirps a loud defiance when he sees Arthur enter the room, and frequently hops on the little boy's hand to peck seed or sugar, climbing up the arm to the shoulder, and even taking his stand on Arthur's head sometimes, when he gravely inspects his hairs one at a time. He also visits Little Sister's baby-house, which is in close neighborhood to the cage. You cannot think how funny he looks when he trots up and down in the tiny rooms with the air of one taking account of stock, examining carpets, chairs, and other furniture. He sat on the sofa for some time one day, though truth compels me to say he very improperly seems to prefer the table for a resting-place. I dare say my funny little pet is thinking of renting it in the spring and going to housekeeping!

Last year about this time a lady came to visit me, and she told me about taming her two canary birds, "Seagreen" and "Chiddle." She took a great deal of notice of Tiptoe, though he was then a wild little fellow, whom I did not dare to let out of the cage. However, acting on her advice, I, this winter for the first time, let my birdie have the "freedom of the" nursery and bedroom, and it is to this that I owe his tameness, I am sure. After becoming acquainted with the furniture he tried the human beings who belonged to the rooms. This year, a few days ago, this same lady came again to visit me. Did little Tiptoe recognize the mistress of Seagreen and Chiddle, the kind friend who had recommended liberty and the free use of his buoyant wings? Who can say? At all events he flew to her when she came in, and was certainly unusually happy in her society. He accepted cracker from her hand directly, and soon perching on her shoulder, seemed lost in pleasant meditation. The quiet murmur of my conversation with her soothed him, so much so that when she opened her mouth to take her share in the talk, Tip roused up and gave her teeth an energetic peck, which seemed to say, "Do stop talking—you disturb me!" But as our chat was not to be so easily stopped, he resigned himself to the inevitable, and, resolving to listen and enjoy, snuggled down in her ruff, quite after the manner of the Culprit Fay (about whom Mamma must read to you), occasionally giving her lips a soft peck with his bill as a mark of decided approbation. I think it was evidently a case of what is called "the tender passion." Tip has fallen a victim to the gentle fascinations of my charming friend—indeed, nothing could be pleasanter or easier—and the heart in his golden breast will ache sadly when she says "Good-by." Yesterday, being indisposed, the lady ate her breakfast up-stairs. Tip was soon on the tiptoe of excitement, and I must say she humored his curiosity to an extent that would make a spoilt-child of him were she to stay long. She let him taste her butter, her cream-toast, and all the other strange dishes. It went so far that my Lord Tip sulked very naughtily because she presumed to take the salt-cellar away. He rumpled up his feathers, which gave him the effect of *pouting all over*, and was only mollified by the offer of a small piece of cold turkey.

Well! dear little girls and boys, I might gossip with you all the afternoon, and still be unable to give you a correct idea of how wonderfully cunning and pretty my Tiptoe is. Who could describe the bright, eager eyes, the knowing and saucy twist of his head, the slim legs, the handsome dark coat and yellow vest of our little dandy? And as for trying to make you know *my baby* without seeing him,—well! just ask your mother if any mother would attempt such a thing unless she was allowed months of time and reams of foolscap!

"DON'T, CHARLEY."

"DON'T, Charley," came to my ears in a sweet, musical tone, while I was seated in a railway-car, last summer. I should not have heard the soft, touching voice, had it not been very near me. I looked to see who it was that had spoken, and saw a sweet, beautiful woman upon the seat in front of me. A half-sad look rested upon the young face that was all aglow with love and tenderness. A young man was seated by her side whose face wore a restless, dissipated look, and in a moment I comprehended it all. His face was flushed slightly, and I knew why it was thus. He was talking very fast to some one in advance of him, and once I heard a low oath. "Don't, Charley," she said again, in the same sweet voice. But Charley did not seem to heed her words, but went on in a half-wild way to the man. Several more oaths came from his lips; but the woman remained silent, yet looking so pleadingly at the erring one that I thought, if he had been half human, he would have heeded the mild, loving reproof that was so visible in her tear-dimmed eyes.

A friend by my side whispered in my ear, "They have been married just one year."

"He is a brute," I only said in reply.

At that moment I saw the young husband wink slyly to the man, and then they both arose and went into the baggage-car. I understood the movement when I saw a bottle protruding from the husband's coat-pocket.

"Don't, Charley; don't go," the young wife had pleaded before he had got beyond her reach; but he tore himself from her slight grasp, and rushed along. Her eyes filled with tears, and a low moan came from her pale lips, and then she bowed her head and wept silently.

He came back in a few moments, his face flushed still more, and his voice was a key or two louder than before. He brushed rudely past the wife, evidently to get near the car-window.

"Let me alone, Mag," he said, as she laid her white hand upon his arm. "Women are always in the way," he said, again turning to the man in front of him.

The wife turned away, and I did not hear her sweet, reproving voice again.

How I pitied that young, loving wife, and how often I wonder if her sensitive heart must suffer and bleed for many long years! I think not; for her tender, loving soul, and frail, slender body will not bear such unkindness. Strange how soon liquor will transform human beings into unfeeling monsters, and chill the ardent, loving nature of a tender husband and trusting wife!—*American Temperance Union.*

Puzzles.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A Spanish city. 2. A color. 3. An Italian painter. 4. A kind of embroidery. 5. One of the Sacred Mountains. 6. A girl's name. 7. A shrub. 8. A language.

The initials and finals each name a noted German author.

DE FORREST.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. A fluid. 3. A musical instrument. 4. A cowl. 5. A consonant.

M. D. H.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

"Noth mode ti ont na lied night
A leanpast drew ot kapes:
Het cafe uoy reaw, oth thuogth ouy gribn,
A thear amy hale ro kearb."

VENA.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

Supply vowels so as to give the correct quotation:

"H- l-v-th l-ng wh- l-v-th w-ll."

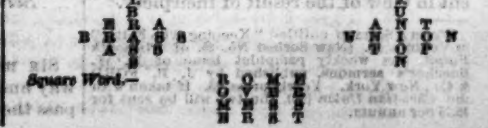
BELL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF MARCH 4.

Word Puzzle.—Charles, Rachel, Hecla, Leah, Hiah, La.

Double Acrostic.—Iago, Thibet, Arkansas, Sixpence, Clog. Abbore, ITASCA and OTSEGO.

Diamond Puzzles.—



Square Word.—

REPAIRING HOUSES.*

BY H. W. BEECHER.

A CARPENTER is sent for, and asked to look through a house, and report as to what he will put it in thorough repair for. He goes over it, from top to bottom, and says, "Well, I think I can put that house in order for about five hundred dollars." Another man says to the same carpenter, "I understand you have been looking at my neighbor's house, and that you have agreed to repair it thoroughly for five hundred dollars; I wish you would look at mine, and see what you can put that in order for." The carpenter goes through, and says, "I can do it for about fifteen hundred dollars." "Fifteen hundred dollars! You told that man you would do his for five hundred." "But his is a plain two-story house, there is no plumbing in it, its roof does not leak, and there are comparatively few things about it to get out of order; whereas, yours is a four-story house, with all the modern improvements, and there is everything to be done to it—the bath-room and water-pipes are out of order, the roof leaks, the walls are very much broken; and you had better pay fifteen hundred dollars, and feel yourself lucky to get off at that." To put still another man's house in order would cost, perhaps, five thousand dollars. The foundations are below the old grade, so that everything is damp and mouldy, and it must be raised up ten feet into the air before it can be made a place where a decent man ought to keep a respectable dog. Besides, the roof needs repairing. Then the house is mispartitioned, and the sizes and shapes of the rooms must be changed.

Every man's house must be put in order according to what it is. Men, in their own development, build all sorts of houses—some one-story, some two-stories, some three-stories, some four-stories, some five-stories, and some six-stories. Some are very low, some are intermediate in height, and some are very high. Some are narrow, and some are broad. They are built, too, with every conceivable difference of combination. As God sees it, in the whole world, the problem of every man's life, which he has to solve, in conforming himself to the likeness of Christ, is different from what it is in the life of every other man. Each man must repair his own house in his own way.

Now, when men begin a Christian life you see what infinite blunders they may make. One man cannot pray; and he says, "Do you not suppose that if I were a true Christian I could pray? I have tried to pray in my family; but I cannot get out a dozen sentences, I am so bashful. Then, I am all the time wondering, outside of my prayer, what folks will think about it. I have made the attempt time and again, and I cannot pray."

Another man is naturally voluble. He is like the faucets in your house, from which, when you turn them, and leave them turned, the water will run night and day. His complaint is that he is overrun with prayer. He wants to pray too much. His prayers are not real.

Much evil comes from the habit which persons have of comparing themselves with one another. Suppose a revival should break out in a band of music, and the different instruments should undertake to determine whether they were right or not by seeing whether they were like each other or not. The hautboy is in great distress of mind because it does not sound like the bassoon. "If the bassoon is right, then I am wrong," it says. The flute is greatly discouraged because it is not like the violoncello; and it says, "If that is right, I ought not to be here." The violin is very much concerned because it is not like the French horn. So each instrument is discontented because, by comparison, it has found that it differs from the others.

But is not each a musical instrument in its own way? Is it not the business of each to be musical according to its peculiar nature? They all have to be brought to some concert-pitch, so that their sound shall combine and harmonize; but an orchestra is made up of all sorts of instruments, some wooden, some stringed, and some brass; and each of them has its own temperament, or tone; and when chorded and played according to their kind, they unite in making harmonious music; and the richness of this music depends upon the variety of instruments which are working in a certain line, in a given direction, and in harmony with each other. It is variety which makes the power and beauty of every orchestra.

Where two persons are identical in their religious life, I conclude that one or the other of them is mistaken; for every man has his individual character; and religion consists in the development of each man according as God, in his providence, made him; and where a man is developed so, he will not be just like anybody else. Love, faith, hope, and the other Christian elements, act on different temperaments differently.

It is this want of an understanding of what is implied by entering the school of Christ that makes so many despondent in view of the result of their piety.

*From a Sermon entitled "Keeping The Faith," in Volume II. (New Series) No. 2, of *Plymouth Pulpit*, the weekly pamphlet issue of H. W. Beecher's sermons, published by J. B. FORD & Co., New York. Yearly price, $2. If taken with the *Christian Union* ($3), the two will be sent for $4.75 per annum.

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The following *Extracts* from a few Letters of the many received daily is the *Voluntary Testimony* of those who have availed themselves of the *advantages of the System:*

RICHMOND, Me., July 14th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: In acknowledging receipt of suit, would say the fit is perfect in every particular. I do not hesitate to recommend your house. J. E. ALEXANDER.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, HANOVER, N. H., Sept. 6, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: I received my overcoat the fore part of this week all right. It fits very well, and I am perfectly satisfied. G. H. CHILD.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 30th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: The garments ordered are received, and give the best of satisfaction. Wish you success. C. W. THOMPSON, Box 787.

NORWICH, Conn., June 2d, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: The pants came to hand yesterday, and I take pleasure in saying that they are *all right every way.* C. T. FRASIER.

GOSHEN, N. Y., Oct. 17th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: My winter overcoat with seal-skin trimmings arrived yesterday. It is a perfect fit, elegantly made, and thoroughly satisfactory in every respect. HERBERT GEDNEY.

GRAYSVILLE, Pa., April 3d, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Dress suit and cape overcoat are received. As regards style, material and fit, all gives satisfaction. If I had doubts before of your system of measurement answering the purpose intended, they have now disappeared. J. C. KELLY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 16th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Suit to hand, and am glad to inform you that each portion of same fits very comfortably. J. B. WIRE.

POPLAR BLUFF, Ark., Dec. 15th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: My suit came to hand all right and fits O. K. This is the second suit you have made for me, and I have never had better fits. L. J. JONES, M.D.

HANGING ROCK, Ohio, Feb. 14th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Have received per express goods for myself and son. Feel that I am doing a public service, and you no more than simple justice, in stating that the fits are elegant—far better than can be realized here in the best shops and fully twenty-five per cent. lower. Accept my thanks, and believe me, Sincerely yours, G. R. SCRIVEN, M.D.

MARION, Ind., April 26th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Received my clothes last night, also Hamer's and Mitchell's. All fit to admiration. It is now conceded that if you can fit Hamer you can fit anybody. J. N. TURNER.

GREEN VALLEY, Ill., Jan. 1st, 1874.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Received articles all right in due time, and am much pleased with them. The fit is as good as the tailor's I have patronised for twelve years, and he is A No. 1. Retain measure. You can rely on me for a customer. ISRAEL SCHUREMAN.

PENN MINE, Mich., Dec. 1st, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Please accept my apology for not writing on receipt of clothing. It arrived early in November. The fitting is tip-top, and pleases myself and friends perfectly. Inconvenience of travel (snow seven feet on the level), will prevent further orders till spring. This will reach you about Christmas, wishing you a merry one. FRED A. SMITH.

GLENWOOD, Iowa, Oct. 13th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Overcoat received. Fits splendid; highly pleased with it. You may expect other orders shortly. C. B. BOSBYSHELL.

MADISON, Wis., June 4th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Clothing ordered received, and gives entire satisfaction. Will give you further orders as I have need. D. F. BOUGHTON.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 1st, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: The clothes received in due time, and give entire satisfaction. THOS. T. SMITH.

UTICA, Mo., Oct. 13th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Please send samples of suits from $35 to $55. Ordered from you a year ago through a gentleman of this place, and was well pleased with suit. L. E. TRACY.

GREAT BEND, Kan., June 19th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Clothes have arrived, and give satisfaction. Money should have been received ere this. D. K. PALMER.

MUSKOGEE, C. N., Indian Ter., Dec. 8th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Received our suits on the 6th inst. They fit splendidly and give entire satisfaction. Please retain measure for future orders. CHERRY & CASEY.

GRENADO, Col., Oct. 1st, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Please send samples of suits and overcoats, also blanks for self-measure, etc. Suit sent me to Las Animas, Col., has given perfect satisfaction. WM. M. RIVERS.

FORT FRED STEELE, W. T., April 10th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Suit of clothes ordered came in due time, and I am well pleased with them. They fit splendid. WILLIAM E. HAINES.

PLUM CREEK, Neb., May 12th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Suit received, and is the best, both in fit and finish, I have ever had. Henceforth consider me your customer. C. J. FREESE.

YANKTON AGENCY, D. T., May 29th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: The three suits ordered have arrived and give entire satisfaction. All are well pleased with goods and prices. You will receive several more orders soon. THOMAS FLICK.

HELENA, M. T., Dec., 24th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Clothes ordered are received. They fit me nicely, and am much pleased with your selection. RUFUS E. ARICK.

SANTA FE, N. M., Oct. 10th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Our three suits came this morning. The fits are first rate. I am ever so much pleased. More orders may be expected from friends here. J. B. M. POTTER, JR.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah Ter., Sept. 23d, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: Excuse delay in acknowledging receipt of pants, have been absent. They are the best fit, without exception, I ever had. Please send styles and samples for next season. EDGAR HOWE, care JNO F. LOWELL.

HAMILTON, Nev., April 5th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: This evening my husband received the suit ordered from you. Am happy to inform you it is a perfect success. Could not be a better fit. Please send samples and blanks, as friends intend ordering. MRS. W. F. ANDERSON.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Oct. 8th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: The two suits are received. Mr. Binnell and myself are well pleased. They fit quite well. Wish to order dress suits from same measure. Please send samples. L. W. GILLILAND.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Aug. 28th, 1873.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR: The suits ordered of you were received. They give entire satisfaction, and greatly admired for their perfect fit, which is truly wonderful. RALPH L. WRIGHT.

THE IMMENSE STOCK for the present season is from the choicest products of the Loom from every part of the world, embracing all the most *Fashionable* and approved of the prevailing *Styles,* and everything in the line of *Wearing Apparel* for all ages and all classes.

FREEMAN & BURR'S extensive and excellent facilities for executing *Orders to Measure* enable them to please the most exacting, and execute orders promptly and at *Moderate Prices.*

ORDERS BY LETTER are attended to with the utmost care and promptness. *Rules for Self-measure,* Book of Fashions, and Prices, and Samples of Goods sent *Free on Application.*

FREEMAN & BURR,

CLOTHING WAREHOUSES,

138 AND 140 FULTON STREET, ... NEW YORK.

A curious list of fatal accidents which cost about one million dollars, is printed on another page of this paper.

Financial

From Saturday, March 7, to Saturday, March 14.

Wall Street.—There has been rather less anxiety during the past week than during the one which preceded it. Whether this state of things is due to the fact that Congress has not meddled with the finances we cannot say. Certainly the two things have been coincident.

Government Bonds.—Renewed firmness has been noted, and the market closes at an advance on last week's prices, but without any large amount of business having been transacted. Most of the sales have been for private account.

The highest quotations for the week were as follows:

		Mar. 9.	Mar. 10.	Mar. 11.	Mar. 12.	Mar. 13.	Mar. 14.
New 5s c'p	'81,	114¼	114⅜	114¼	114⅜	114⅜	114½
6 p. ct. reg	'81,	118¾	118⅞	119⅛	119⅜	119⅜	119⅜
do. c'p	'81,	119¼	119⅜	119⅜	119⅜	120	119⅜
5-20 reg	'62,	....	....	....	....	....	116½
5-20 c'p	'62,	116¼	116⅜	117¼	117	117⅛	117⅜
5-20 reg	'64,	....	....	....	....	....	....
5-20 c'p	'64,	118¾	118¾	119	119⅛	119⅛	119⅛
5-20 reg	'65,	....	....	....	....	....	....
5-20 c'p	'65,	119½	120	120¼	120	120¼	120½
5-20 reg. n	'65,	....	....	....	....	....	....
5-20 c'p. n	'65,	118⅜	118½	118½	118⅜	118¾	118¾
5-20 reg	'67,	....	....	....	....	....	....
5-20 c'p	'67,	119⅛	119⅛	119⅛	119⅛	119⅜	119⅜
5-20 reg	'68,	....	....	....	....	....	....
5-20 c'p	'68,	118⅜	119	118⅛	119⅛	119¼	119¼
10-40 reg		112¾	113¼	113¼	113⅜	113⅜	114
10-40 c'p		112⅜	113	113¼	113⅛	113¾	114
6s cur		116	116	116⅜	116¼	116	116⅜

State Bonds.—The latest reports are to the effect that the Louisiana Treasury hopes to pay coupons within three months, unless the collection of taxes is enjoined. Virginia hopes to pay 2 per cent. by May 1st. Tennessees are rather depressed on account of a suit affecting the new issue of Bank of Tennessee notes.

Railroad Bonds.—We have no reports of large transactions, and quotations are a trifle lower than a week ago.

Stocks, etc.—During the last half of the week there was a considerable advance in many of the favorite stocks. The United States Supreme Court has decided in the case of the Chicago City Railroad Co. against Altoner, appealed from Northern Illinois, that the Corporation was not justified in increasing its capital stock without the concurrence of the stockholders. This affirms the decision of the lower courts, and is important to stockholders all over the land.

The following table shows the highest quotations for the week:

	Mar. 9.	Mar. 10.	Mar. 11.	Mar. 12.	Mar. 13.	Mar. 14.
Gold	111¼	111¼	112	112¼	112¼	112¼
N.Y.C.&H.R.	104¼	104⅝	105⅜	105⅜	105⅜	105
Harlem	131½	130½	131½	131½	132	131½
Erie	46	44¼	44¼	44⅜	43¼	44⅜
Lake Shore	78⅜	78¼	79⅜	80⅜	79⅜	78⅜
Wabash	47¼	46½	48	48⅜	47⅜	46⅜
Northwestern	53⅜	52½	54¼	55⅜	54⅜	54⅜
do pref	71¼	71¼	72⅜	73	72⅜	72⅜
Rock Island	105½	105⅜	105⅜	105¾	106	105⅜
St. Paul	42⅜	42⅜	43⅜	44¼	43⅜	43⅜
do pref	68¼	63⅜	64⅜	....	65	65
Mich. Central	....	....	....	....	....	87
Ohio & Miss	30½	30¾	31⅛	31⅛	31	30⅜
Central of N J	104⅜	105	105½	106	105¼	106½
Del., L. & W.	109⅜	109	110¼	110⅜	110¼	109⅜
Han & St. Jos	30½	29¾	31	31⅛	31½	31½
do pref	....	....	....	....	....	40
Union Pacific	34⅜	33½	34⅜	34½	34⅜	34¾
Panama	115	117	117	117	117	116½
Western UnTel	74⅜	73⅛	75⅜	76⅜	76⅜	76⅜
Quicksilver	34¼	....	29	33	33¼	33
do pref	36¼	....	36	36¼	37	37
Pacific Mail	42⅜	42⅜	43¼	43⅜	43¼	43
Adams Express	95¼	95¼	95¼	96	96¼	97
American Ex.	63	63¾	....	64	65	65
U. S. Ex.	71	72	72	73	72	72½
Wells, Fargo Ex	77	76	....	74	76	72

Foreign Exchange.—Nominal quotations are:

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London prime bankers	4.84@4.84½	4.87½@4.88

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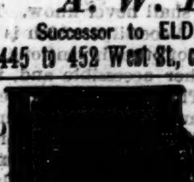
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MAN AND THE FRUITS.

IN a recent number of the *Horticulturist*, the distinguished naturalist, Professor Asa Gray, propounds the question: Were the fruits made for man, or did man make the fruits? His answer to this question, which is too long for our limited space, is, in substance, as follows:

Some fruits were given to man as they are; but these are all minor fruits, and such as have lately come within his reach, or are not thought worth his trouble. Huckleberries and cranberries, persimmons and papaws, are examples. Others have come to him full-flavored, and he has simply increased their size and abundance or extended their season. Currants and gooseberries, raspberries and blackberries, chestnuts, and, above all, strawberries, are of this class.

But most of the important fruits and grains have been not so much given to man as made by him. The oat is the only one of the cereal grains of which we probably know the wild original. Of wheat there has been an ingenious conjecture, insufficiently confirmed by experiment. Of the rest, no wild stock is known which is not probably an escape from cultivation. Of some, such as maize, probably no wild original exists. The wild originals of some of the staple fruits can be pretty well made out; of more they are merely conjectural; of some they are unknown, and probably long extinct.

It would be curious to speculate as to what our pomology would have been if the civilization from which it and we ourselves have sprung had had its birthplace along the southern shores of our great lakes, the northern shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and the intervening Mississippi, instead of the Levant, Mesopotamia and the Nile, and our old world had been open to us as a new world less than four hundred years ago. Seemingly we should have a less variety of choice fruits than we have now, and they would have been different, but not scanty nor poor. In grapes we should have been gainers. Our five or six available species would have given us as many choice sorts as we now have of pears; while pears would be a recent acquisition as our American grapes now are. Our apples would have been developed from *Pyrus coronaria*, and might have equaled anything we possess from *Pyrus Malus* in flavor. At least one of our wild hawthorns, *Cratægus tomentosa*, in some varieties, bears a large and delicately flavored fruit, evidently capable of increase in size. It might have been in the front rank of pomaceous fruits. Our service-berry would have been turned to good account. Our plums would have been the progeny of the Chicasa, the beach-plum, and our wild red and yellow *Prunus Americana*, which have already shown great capacity for improvement. Our cherries might have been as well-flavored, but probably not as large as they now are. But instead of peaches and figs we should be discussing manifold varieties of persimmon and papaw, the former probably equal to the *Kaki* just acquired from the far east. As to strawberries, gooseberries and currants, we should have lost nothing and gained something, as we possess several species besides the European types. As to blackberries and raspberries we should have been better off than now, by the earlier development and diversification of our indigenous species. And we might have had all our finest strawberries a thousand years ago, these having come from our American types. Then we should consider how much earlier we would have been in possession of tomatoes, of the pineapple, of the cherimoyer and the other custard apples, of the star apples and other sapotaceous fruits, of chocolate, of Lima beans, of peanuts; not to speak of potatoes, sweet-potatoes and "Jerusalem" (that is, girasola or sun-flower) artichokes. The last, with our ground-nut, would have been the first-developed esculent tubers, and would probably have held their place in the first rank along with potatoes and sweet-potatoes of later acquisition.

Among the causes and circumstances which have given to the fruits of temperate climates their preëminence, *opportunity* is one. How many potential fruits of value lie undeveloped in this country we know not, and now shall never know. They have lost their opportunity. Necessity, which is the mother of pomology as well as of other inventions, has been fully supplied out of other accessible and, in some cases, better materials. There are some, however, for which "a good time is coming." Foremost among these are our wild grapes. They have such a start already, and seedlings can be produced and selected and reproduced in so short a time that they will probably have achieved their position when the American Pomological Society holds its centennial celebration. Blackberries are in similar case; and, if due attention be paid to the low blackberry or dewberry, and to the sand blackberry of New Jersey and farther south, the foundation for a greater diversity of excellent sorts will be laid. As to cranberries, increase of size and abundance of production are all that are to be expected. It is easier to bring about improvements in the direction of sweetness than in that of acidity. Huckleberries, also, have probably nearly reached their perfection unassisted.

A few wild fruits may be mentioned which manifestly have great capabilities, as, for instance, the persimmon and the *Asimina*, or [illegible]

Both freely offer, from spontaneous seedlings, incipient choicer varieties to be selected from; both fruit when only a few years old, thereby accelerating the fixation of selected varieties into races; and both give fruits of types wholly distinct from any others we possess of temperate climates. He that has not tasted a *kaki* has no conception of the capabilities of the *Diospyros* genus. The custard apples of the West Indies give some idea of what might be made of our papaw, when ameliorated by cultivation and close selection from several generations.

Our American plums, already mentioned, have for many years been in some sort of cultivation, and have improved upon the wild forms. Their extreme liability to black-knot and other attacks renders them for the present unpromising.

Finally, if pomology includes nuts, there is a promising field uncultivated. Our wild chestnuts are sweeter than those of the old world; and races might, perhaps, be developed with the nuts as large as Spanish chestnuts, without loss of flavor. We might have much better and thinner shelled hickory-nuts. The pecan is waiting to have the bitter matter between the shell and the kernel bred out; the butternuts and black walnuts to have their excess of oil turned into farinaceous and sugary matter, and their shells thinned and smoothed by continued good breeding; when they will much surpass the European walnut.

All this requires almost unlimited time; but it is not for those who are enjoying the fruits which it has taken thousands of years to perfect to refrain from the good work which is to increase the enjoyments of far future generations.

A NEW ALLOY.

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Publisher's Department.

NEW YORK, MARCH 18, 1874.

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ARLINGTON, Mass., *March* 10, 1874.

MESSRS. J. B. FORD & Co.:

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KANSAS CITY, *Feb.* 20, 1874.

MESSRS. J. B. FORD & Co., N. Y.:

Gents.—The "premium" pictures came a few days since. They are beautiful indeed, excelling both in execution and design any of your previous premiums.

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POMPEY, *Feb.* 23. 1874.

MESSRS. J. B. FORD & Co.:

I received the pictures "Our Boys" in good order, am pleased with them, and if I can do anything to induce people to take your paper, will be glad to do so, for I think it an excellent paper. There is no agent in this town that I know of; if I should find one, will inform you. Respectfully, ——.

TOPEKA, *March* 5, 1874.

MESSRS. J. B. FORD & Co.:

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Yours, etc., ——.

WEST BRIDGEWATER, *March* 7, 1874.

MESSRS. J. B. FORD & Co.:

"Our Boys" arrived safely at last, the 5th of March! One could ill afford to lose such beauties, although the paper is sufficient in itself for the amount required for both. Please accept many thanks.

Very respectfully, ——.

ONANCOCK, ACCOMAC Co., Va., *February* 14, 1874.

MESSRS. J. B. FORD & Co.:

Gents—I received my chromos in good order. I think the "Boys" are superior to anything I have seen in the way of a premium. I think they are worth more than the subscription price of the paper. Yours truly, ——.

COLEBROOK, Conn., *February* 7, 1874.

MESSRS. J. B. FORD & Co.:

I received the premium pair of chromos, "Our Boys," for which accept many thanks. They are most beautiful, and we shall prize them. Have read the *Christian Union* for several years, and value it for its own merits.

Respectfully, ——.

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MESSRS. J. B. FORD & Co:

Gentlemen: Received the chromos, "Our Boys" January 31st, 1874, in good order. These make four premiums we have received from your Company, and still the wonder grows how you [illegible] your paper and like your style of doing things, and our admiration and love for Mr. Beecher is [illegible].

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NOTICE.—Subscribers for the CHRISTIAN UNION are requested to pay no money to an Agent on account of a subscription, until the Agent delivers our Picture-Premium and a certificate [illegible] year's service of the paper.